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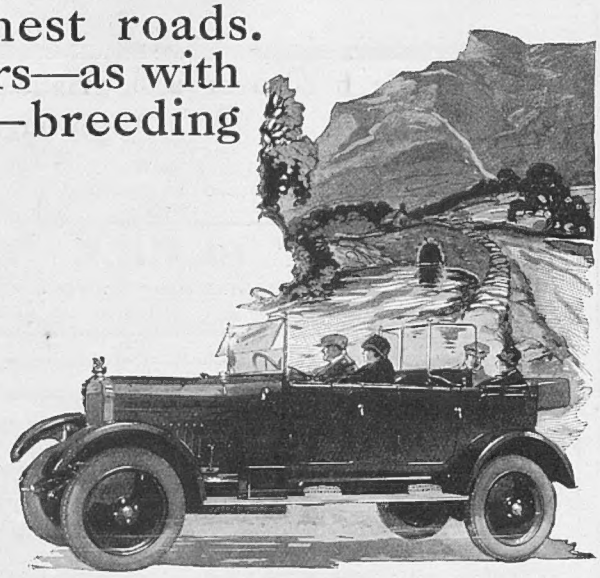

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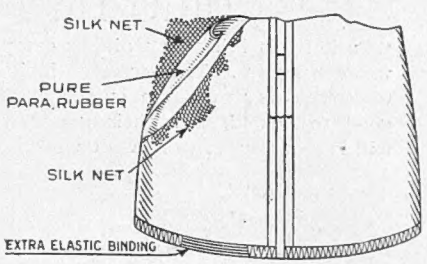

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The Bystander, February 4, 1925

No. 1105. Vol. LXXXV.

The BYSTANDER

Lafayette

MISS MILDRED EGERTON

Whose marriage to the Hon. Dominick Browne, elder son of Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, will be solemnised to-morrow (Feb. 5th) at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride-to-be is the elder daughter of the Hon. Thomas and Lady Bertha Egerton

Patient "Oxon"

BY E. T. REED

Mr. Asquith, after much heart-searching, and his usual consideration for others, agrees to adorn "another place"—to which he takes the hearty good wishes of everyone (not excluding our artist, though you might not think it!)

Poor Old London!

London Town
Is falling down—

I AM not much of a poet, or I would write a nursery jingle that would live through the ages. Like the wonderful one-hoss shay, poor old London seems to be cracking in seven places at once, and we shall wake one morning to find that it isn't there at all.

Only the Beginning

FIRST of all, it was Waterloo Bridge; then it was another bridge that I have forgotten, and now St. Paul's threatens to collapse beneath its own weight. Obviously, this is only the beginning. What the Germans failed to do, the old gentleman with the scythe and the hour-glass is bringing to pass, and it needs no Old Moore to tell us that London is suffering from senile decay. I shall have to pay my first visit to the Tower and Westminster Abbey before it is too late!

Nothing New

IF you are in the habit of trotting about the world, you will have discovered the annoying fact that it is impossible to bring back those little gifts that are welcomed for their novelty rather than for their intrinsic worth. A friend of mine, lately returned from Italy, was the proud bearer of those multi-coloured scarves and blankets that are made in the country that looks like Cornwall, but when he walked into Harrods, or Barkers, or another of our great stores, he found a department full of the same articles offered for sale at half the price. And it is the same wherever you go. The buyers of Kensington and Knightsbridge are so confoundedly efficient that they ransack the remotest corners of the earth, with the result that there is no new thing left to wonder at.

Cricket *is* Cricket

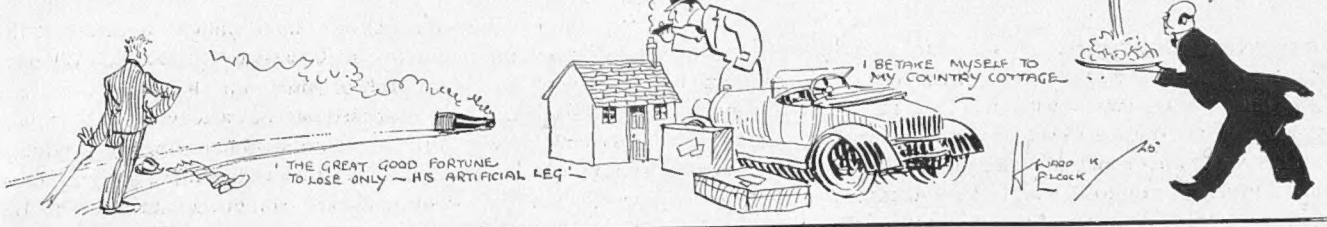
THE fact that Australia refused to let us get those eleven runs in the third Test Match proves conclusively that cricket is still cricket. By winning the rubber with two more matches to go they reduced the receipts of the tour by a figure that we can only guess at, and it is a comforting thought that financial considerations are not allowed to weigh in the balance by the smallest portion of a penny-weight. Most of us remember the financial trickery of the wrestling boom, and neither boxing nor Cup-tie football has been quite free from suspicion; but when it comes to cricket we are on sure ground, for the foundations of the game are set upon the very rock of integrity. No double-headed penny for Mr. Gilligan!

Gilligan's Luck

AT the same time, we don't want the rules of the game to become *too* rigid. I have been literally snowed under with letters supporting my suggestion that after the first toss for innings, the teams should take turn and turn about. I don't think either country wants to feel that the fate of the Ashes is dependent on the spin of a coin, and Gilligan's luck has certainly had some bearing on our present discomfiture. Some addle-headed patriots are actually blaming the skipper, and I have heard it said that a man who cannot guess which side up a coin will come down lacks the qualities that go to make an English captain. I don't expect to see the change brought about at once, but a country that had the sense to throw open wide the gates of the Adelaide Oval for that last glorious half-hour will see that something is done.

On Painting Your Own Face

SOME of the amateur critics are a little surprised that Sir William Orpen has elected



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to immortalise his own features on more than one occasion, and the more captious among them profess to find a trace of egotism in the fact. What a joke! Obviously, if you are putting another man's face on canvas, you are restricted by his own ideas on your subject, and the fact that you don't want to hurt his feelings is apt to cramp your style. Whereas you *can* do what you like with your own face. How many of our merchant princes would care to pay a thousand pounds to be painted in a yellow dressing-gown with their spectacles perched high upon their forehead? Sir William has sacrificed his cheque for the pleasure of painting his face as he sees it, and the world of Art is the richer in consequence.

A Cruel Jest

A MAN with an artificial leg has had the misfortune to fall under a train, but he has also had the great good fortune to lose only—his artificial leg. Fate is rarely found to be in such a kindly mood. In the War, two artists lost their arms—the right-handed man lost his right arm and the left-handed lost his left hand. It almost seemed that one could hear the little devils who bring such tragedies to pass laughing at their cruel jest.

A COOK'S "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" TOUR By Blam

(With profound apologies to the well-known tourist firm)

Out of Season

ONE of the minor affectations of the leisured classes, and one, by the way, with which I most heartily sympathise, is the desire to secure certain things out of season. In this way, an ordinary carnation becomes a *rara avis* most urgently desired, and the common or garden rhubarb a table delicacy of the greatest possible merit. To pay ten times the ordinary value for these things becomes a duty and a pleasure. What matters it that the scent of the carnation is almost non-existent, and that the flavour of the rhubarb has been reduced to a similar vanishing point? The fact that the flower or the fruit is out of season covers a multitude of deficiencies.

A Whole-Hogger

BUT let us be consistent. If rhubarb is a more desirable thing when eaten out of season the same rule should surely apply in other directions. Myself, I am a whole-hogger in this matter. I don't say that I bathe in the Serpentine on Christmas Day, but this is about the only exception to my rule that occurs to me at the moment. Certainly I visit the Riviera in November, when the out-of-season sun is just as warm, the Mediterranean is as blue, and the rocks around Agay are just as red as at any later date. Everyone is pleased to see me; I am made much of by the staff at my hotel; and I get more attention than is accorded a platoon of February visitors. The fact that I am also able to make my own terms has, naturally, no bearing on the matter whatsoever, for I am a proud member of an old family and money means nothing to me!

Why I Am Welcome

RETURNED from the Riviera with the dawn of a New Year, I betake myself to my country cottage in a far corner of Gloucestershire. Later on, in May and June, the visitors will be tumbling over one another in a vain endeavour to secure any abiding-place whatsoever, but just now I reign alone—the uncrowned king of this particular countryside. I bring to my neighbour the latest news of the great outside world, and I am made free of a dozen family circles. Later on, they will be too bored or too busy to pay much attention to the multitude of strangers within their borders, but, to-day, my tap upon the window comes as a welcome break in the long winter evening, and the big log fire seems to burn all the brighter for my presence. For, you see, I am a visitor out of season, and as such, doubly welcome.

Our Storied Past

THE pictures of the demolition of Devonshire House are the most depressing things I have seen for years. Inevitable, of course, but the action of the housebreakers reminds me of the tearing of coloured plates from some great book in which is enshrined the history of our country. Strange how people will squeal over the sale of a famous picture to America, and yet retain a dignified silence over the total loss of such a landmark as the Piccadilly home of a ducal line.

We Have Caught It!

WE of THE BYSTANDER have fallen victims to the prevailing epidemic of Cross-word Puzzles. We find ourselves covered in a rash of white and black squares, but the disease has been diagnosed as not altogether fatal. Our specialist, to wit, "Jingle," who has heard one or two things about the theatre, has the matter in hand, and is busy with such cross-words as are sometimes uttered in the theatre. The first one will appear in our next issue.

An Historic Meet of the Old Berkeley at Chequers

MRS. J. C. C. DAVIDSON AND MRS. HUNTINGDON WHITELEY

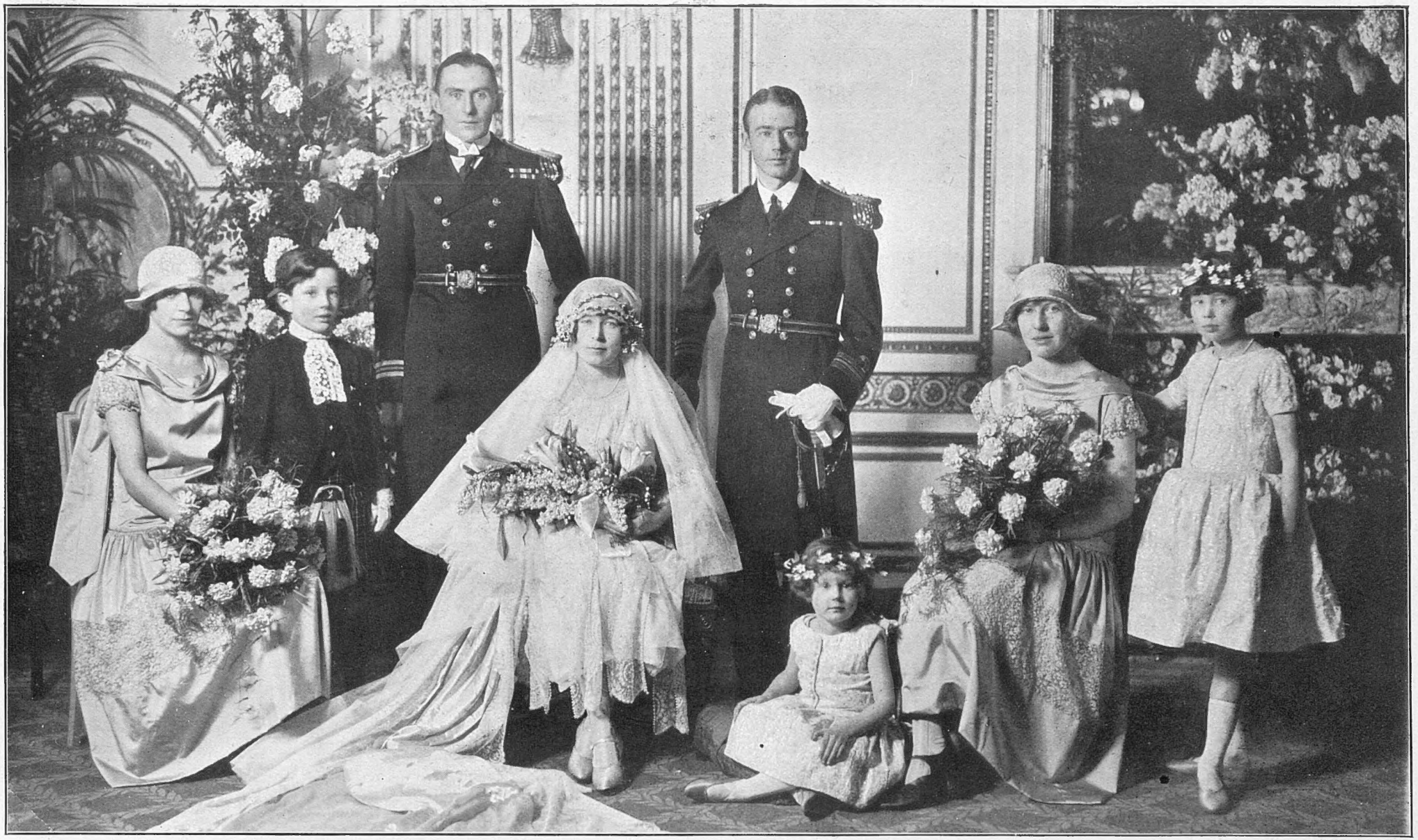
MR. TYRWHITT DRAKE, M.F.H., AND THE PRIME MINISTER

THE PRIME MINISTER AND SOME OF HIS GUESTS

Our photographs show Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and the large field that turned out for the invitation meet of the Old Berkeley at Chequers—the first hunt at a British Prime Minister's residence in modern times. Besides the Old Berkeley followers, the field included a large number of visitors from the Whaddon Chase and Bicester—Lord Dalmeny and many first flighters. Sport, however, was not quite up to the high standard of the meeting, it being a bad scenting day

Photographs by Sport & General, Alfieri, and P. & A.

MISS BETTY BALDWIN



THE SENIOR SERVICE

Bassano

Lieut.-Com. Ronald Bowes-Lyon, younger son of the Hon. Francis and Lady Anne Bowes-Lyon, of Ridley Hall, Northumberland, and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Claire Russell, only daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, photographed with their bridal retinue after the marriage ceremony at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square. The group includes: the bridesmaids, Miss Ruth Verner, Miss Marjorie Lee-Barber, the Misses Caroline and Sally Bowes-Lyon (the bridegroom's little nieces); the best man, Lieut.-Com. Charles Hotham, D.S.C.; and the page, Master James Bowes-Lyon

THE HOUSE PARTY SPIRIT AT MANDALAY

His Excellency Sir Harcourt Butler, Governor of Burma, with his house party at his summer residence, Mandalay. Our photograph shows: the Hon. Vivien Ridley, Sir Ludovic Porter, Lady Ridley, Sir Harcourt Butler, Mrs. Bibby, Sir Robert Horne, Mrs. Victor Gamble. Seated in front: Major Bibby, Captain Victor Gamble (the Governor's Private Secretary), and Mr. W. H. A. Webster

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Successful Embassy

MRS. KELLOGG'S last afternoon reception was crowded. Everybody wanted to pay their farewell respects to the retiring American Ambassador and Ambassadress. Their time here has been brief as Embassies go, but Mrs. Kellogg has taken a place in diplomatic society in London which few of her American predecessors have occupied. Everybody is sorry they are going, and the King and Queen by dining this week at Crewe House give expression to the general admiration and appreciation of a difficult and delicate task brilliantly and most tactfully accomplished by Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg.

The delightful entertainments at Crewe House will be greatly missed. And now we are all wondering whether the new American Ambassador will take on Crewe House, or seek another habitation. The two houses in Prince's Gate, left by the late Mr. Pierpoint Morgan for an American Embassy, are apparently still in the hands of the builders. It is odd that so great a country as the United States should compel its ambassadorial representatives to hire houses in foreign capitals. An American who is chosen as Ambassador must be passing rich.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS *Keystone*

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Spain, with their eldest son, the Infante Alfonso, Prince of the Asturias, at the banquet given in King Alfonso's honour following the big Loyalist demonstration at Madrid on the King's birthday

L. N. A.

AT THE JO'BURG RACES

His Excellency the Earl of Athlone (Governor-General of South Africa) with Princess Alice, Lady May Cambridge, and the President of the Turf Club, at the Johannesburg races. Briton and Boer, whites and natives, these are evidently not the only "race" questions in South Africa, it is good to note

A Record

FOR the first time in the history of the country a Royal Palace has been picketed by strikers. Luckily the King and Queen were not at Buckingham Palace, so we did not have the spectacle of attempts being made to prevent the work of the engineering staff, such as heating and lighting, being carried on.

The strike of the thousand employees

I.B.

KENYA COLONY'S GREETING

The Duke of York receiving an address of welcome from the Mayor of Nairobi, on behalf of himself and the Duchess of York on their arrival at Nairobi during their East African holiday. With the Duke and Duchess on the dais is Sir Robert Coryndon, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Kenya Colony

I.B.

THE QUEEN AT NORWICH

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Bishop and the Dean of Norwich, outside Norwich Cathedral on the occasion of the recent Dedication Service of the ancient episcopal throne erected by the first Bishop of Norwich. This is the first time for many centuries that an English Queen has visited Norwich Cathedral

of the Board of Works affected St. James's Palace and Marlborough House also, as well as the British Museum and all the Government offices. So far as Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace were concerned volunteers took the place of the strikers, and in both the heating and lighting ran as usual.

A Royal Débutante

THE Court Ball at the Palace in Brussels last week had a particular interest since it marked the coming-out of the Princess Marie José, the only daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians. During the War, whilst her father and mother were living in a villa on the little strip of land which was all that was left to them of Belgium, the Princess stayed principally at Hackwood, Lord Curzon of Kedlestone's place in Hampshire.

The Princess Marie José danced the first dance at this, her coming-out ball, with the British Ambassador to Belgium, Sir George Grahame. People about the Court at Brussels always tell me that the King and Queen never pass an opportunity of showing their country's and their own gratitude to England. That the British Ambassador should be chosen to open the ball, which marked the Princess's official entry into Society, with the Princess herself, is a further sign of the kindly feeling towards England.

Rumour has made the Princess Marie José the future bride of the Crown Prince of Italy. Perhaps now that she is out we shall see whether rumour is true or false.

The Asquith Peerage

A GOODLY number of people are convinced that Mr. Asquith's peerage

IN LINCOLN'S INN *Photopress*

The Prince of Wales with Mr. Charles Osenton, the President of the Auctioneers' and Estate Agents' Institute, at the opening of the Institute's handsome new premises in Lincoln's Inn Fields

IN WEDDING ARRAY *Bassano*

Mr. Mark Oliver (late of the Royal Scots Greys), elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Oliver, of Roxburghshire, with his bride, Norah, elder daughter of the late Colonel Francis Farquhar, D.S.O. and Lady Evelyn Malcolm, and their bridal retinue, after their marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Our picture shows the best man, Sir Adrian Baillie; the bridesmaids, the Misses Barbara Farquhar, Helen Malcolm, Honora and Nancy Brassey, Norah and Elizabeth Burbury, Miss Anne Hely-Hutchinson and Miss Ruth Farquhar. The page is Master Dougal Malcolm

has been bestowed upon him by the Conservative Government, just because that Government is in office, and you hear dear old ladies say, "How generous, how noble of dear Mr. Baldwin!"

But the goodly number of people and the dear old ladies are all woefully mistaken. The honour comes direct from the King, and Mr. Baldwin and the Conservative Government have had no more to do with it than they had with choosing your bargains and mine at the winter sales.

The Throne is outside politics, but it is the fount of honour in the reward of public service. Whether you or I agree with Mr. Asquith's—I beg his pardon, my Lord Earl of Oxford's—political opinions or not, he has devoted his life and his great talents to the country's service, and for that reason no honour has been more deserved. But for the life of me, I cannot imagine Mrs. Asquith as my Lady Countess. Can so free and frank a spirit ever be fettered by a coronet? And will she sign her letters "Margot Oxford," or "Margaret Oxford"—Margaret being the name given by her godmothers and godfathers at her baptism?

SNUGGLERS' CORNER

A group of spectators, including Lord and Lady Northesk, watching the "Lions" (London variety) in their ice-hockey match against Oxford at St. Moritz

"EARLY TO RISE" *Central News*

Brigadier-General Hardress Lloyd, Lady Kilmorey and her brother, Viscount Hastings, about to set off on an early morning ski-ing expedition from Davos-Dorf

A Contrast

THERE were great doings last week at Croome Court in Worcestershire in honour of the diamond wedding of the Earl and Countess of Coventry. The presentations were almost as many as wedding presents. One of these was from the Croome Hunt, the members of which attended in full strength with the hounds. There were people too from the Worcestershire, the Ledbury, the North Cotswold and the Teme Valley Hunts. The estate employees, the staff at Croome Court, local societies of all sorts and kinds, all brought gifts or illuminated addresses. There were hundreds of people there from all the country round.

The same evening the Dean of Durham, Bishop Welldon, was wrestling in public debate with a railway signalman before an audience composed of miners, railwaymen, and their wives on the subject of class-selfishness. The railwaymen had previousiy declared that the Dean's income of £3,000 a year practically absorbed the income of many workers. He pointed out that close upon half of this sum went in taxes. But his hearers did not seem to grasp this important point, for the signalman ended up by saying, "Selfishness is the bedrock of society, and private enterprise is simply another term for selfishness."

I mention this because it is in such startling contrast to the spirit which led those hundreds of people of all sorts and conditions to Croome Court to honour Lord and Lady Coventry on their diamond wedding. Obviously, selfishness is not the bedrock of the conditions under which Lord and Lady Coventry have lived amongst their neighbours, and obviously, too, there are still people left who respect a nobleman and a landlord for fulfilling the responsibilities of his birth and position.

Portraits at the Academy

THE courtyard at Burlington House held as many waiting motors for the private view of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters as the private view of the Academy itself. And the rooms were just as crowded with well-known folk possessing every kind of distinction. The portraits

Photopress

THE NEW FRENCH AMBASSADOR *CHEZ LUI*

Monsieur de Fleuriau, the new French Ambassador, with his wife and their daughter, Yvonne, photographed at the French Embassy at Albert Gate

THE CAMERA'S COMMAND PERFORMANCE

An interesting group taken in the grounds of Lord Rawlinson's house at Delhi, during the recent visit of Sir Harry Lauder to India. The photograph shows: Back row—Capt. Pole Carew (left), Miss Diana Lascelles, the Earl of Dalkeith, Mr. J. Stanton, Commander Maund, R.N., Miss Wade. Seated—The Countess of Dalkeith, Sir Harry Lauder, Lady Rawlinson, Lady Lauder, and Mrs Burdon

Topical

THE HON. OSMOND HASTINGS (right) AND CAPT. AND MRS. MATHER JACKSON

Sport and General

IRISH WOLFHOUND COURSING CLUB

The Misses P. and B. Strohmenger with their father's Irish Wolfhound "Josephine." (The "hound's" feminine name is presumably a bull

are most interesting, because they represent all sorts of schools from the day before yesterday up to to-day. Yet it was a portrait of yesterday which attracted most attention and stood out from all the others.

This was Millais's portrait of Miss Eveleen Tennant, now the widow of Professor F. W. H. Myers, one of the earliest to make a scientific study of psychic things. The odd thing about this picture is that although painted in the late 'seventies it has no suggestion of period—a master's portrait of a beautiful woman.

Sir William Orpen has gone to Hogarth for the portrait he has painted of himself for presentation to the Uffizi Gallery in Florence. You know Hogarth's famous self-portrait in a night-cap and dressing-gown with horn spectacles pushed up on to his forehead. Sir William has painted himself in precisely the same garb and the same attitude, only his dressing-gown is obviously a fellow

OVER THE STICKS AT WARWICK

Sport and General

MISS ATHERLEY (left) AND MRS. NORMAN LODER

Topical

SHOOT AT GARENDON PARK

The seat of Col. Everard March Phillips de Lisle, D.L., J.P., T.D. Major A. Burnaby, M.F.H., Mr. Losco Bradley, M.F.H. (neither, of course, out for foxes), the Earl of Lanesborough and Mr. P. W. R. Kaye

Topical

LORD MASSEREENE AND MISS WILLIS, HIS NIECE

" bath-robe," and the night-cap is a handkerchief knotted round his head.

Mr. William Rankin's portrait group of "Earl and Countess Beauchamp with their family at Madresfield on the occasion of Viscount Elmley's coming-of-age," owing to its unfortunate composition had an effect which I am sure its painter never intended. Lord Beauchamp stands between his two elder sons in front of an elaborate stone fire-place. At right angles to the fireplace is a couch upon which Lady Beauchamp and five other little Lygons are sitting all in a row. One's first impression on looking at the picture is that somebody has ordered cocktails all round.

End of the Shooting Season

Now that the shooting season is over there is another rush to the sun, many of those who are always faithful to the coverts making a bee-line for the South of France or further afield. Amongst those who have gone further afield are Lord and Lady Macclesfield, who have gone to South Africa on a visit to Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone. Lord Trematon, Princess Alice and Lord Athlone's only son, has gone out on the same ship. People, too, are still going to Switzerland, amongst them Lady Louis Mountbatten, who is making Wengel her headquarters.

I suppose nobody misses the winter sports more than the Earl of Lytton, the Governor of Bengal, who is considered by people possessing what is called "inside information," as Lord Reading's probable successor as Viceroy. He was a visitor to Switzerland every winter long before it became the popular thing to do, and was one of the most ardent votaries of the sports. On "India's coral strand," he must miss keenly the delight of ski-ing and

tobogganing. His heir, Lord Knebworth, has inherited his father's delight in the Swiss winter, and like his father, too, is an excellent skater.

The Regimental Agency

I AM asked to tell you that a ball will be given at Claridge's on February 18 in aid of the funds of the Regimental Agency. And if you don't happen to know what the Regimental Agency is—you will, however, if you have anything to do with the Army—it was established by regiments in 1901 to help them in the formation and working of their associations and benevolent funds for the assistance of deserving men and their families when in need. It isn't generally known outside the Army that most regiments give help of this kind to men who have served in them. The ball is given under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and tickets, 30*s.* each, may be obtained from the Regimental Agency, 7c, Lower Belgrave Street S.W.1.

A Lesson to Ex-Service Men

THE recent victory of the Association of ex-Service Civil Servants, after a grim and dour struggle for five years with three successive Governments, is a splendid example of what can be achieved by pluck, organisation and enterprise. During the last few years the Association of Ex-Service Civil Servants have played a prominent part in political warfare. In 1922 they turned the scale in a bye-election that led to the resignation of the Coalition Government, and their less important, if more spectacular, stunt in connection with the "Kew Klux Klan" is still fresh in the public memory. They refused to accept the resolutions of the Southborough Committee, and simply stuck to their claims for justice, though "ground between the upper millstone of Permanent Opposition, and the lower millstone of hostile staff organisation," as the Association's ably compiled booklet picturesquely puts it. And now, despite the enormous odds against them, they have won, by their own efforts, an agreement that will give security of tenure in the Government service to thousands of ex-Service "temporaries" of all grades. One of the keenest fighters all through the Association's long war of attrition has been the President, Mr. Lachlan Maclean, O.B.E., of the Board of Trade, who is a member of the Bar, as well as a very able Civil Servant. Mr. Maclean is one of the important "stage managers" behind the scenes of the Food Commission now sitting.

Poole, Waterford

OUT WITH THE WATERFORD

Lady Katharine Beresford, M.F.H., Lord William Beresford and the Marquis of Waterford. After a good run the fox was lost at Bohereenna-Gouch Cross. (We should think anybody could get lost in a place like that)

Central News

THE NORTH DOWN HARRIERS MEET

Maj.-Gen. A. R. Cameron, O.C. in Ulster, at the meet at Flowdam, Co. Down

Poole, Waterford

MORE WATER-FORD

Mrs. Arthur Masters and Mr. David Dawnay (Hon. Whip) a kinsman of the Marquis of Waterford. His father, the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, D.S.O., was killed in action

WITH THE CROOME AT CROOME COURT *Central News*

Capt. and Mrs. Romer Williams (mounted), Maj. Ian Bullough and Mrs. Bullough, who was formerly the popular Miss Lily Elsie, and is now an enthusiastic follower to hounds

IN THE SUNSHINE UNECLIPSED *Marc Le Noir*

A group on the terrace of the Cercle Nautique at Cannes, a favourite rendezvous "when it's tea-time in "—Riviera-land. The group includes the Prince and Princess de Bourbon, the Duke of Manchester, and the Baron and Baroness de Meyronnet de St. Marc

The Riviera Week by Week

By J. GALBRAITH HORN

MONTE CARLO

THE Romans well named Menton Bay the "Gulf of Peace." You are either an Englishman or a hopelessly perverse being if you grumble or grouse about anything here. In soft air, where over-worked nerves are unconsciously restored, and where bed is a "heaven upon earth for the weary head"—in a luxury of beauty and colour and perfume; where, though in France, whose natives, like children, adore all noise, you can escape, if you choose your dwelling-place well, the hideous cacophony of modern inventions; where you can bathe in the warm sea of the Sirens; where the "flowers of the orange tree blow"—a gift from China—all through the year; where many kinds of palms and tropical trees and flowers bloom in a temperate climate. Truly you can pray the prayer that the Easterns do:

May the peace of Allah abide with you,
Wherever you be, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow.

By the way, an American paper in Paris lately described Menton as beckoning with luring palms to the tourist! Makes one think of the waiters!

Marc Le Noir

POLO PEOPLE

Lady Michelham, Count Koutouzoff and the Duchess de Gramont watching the polo at Cannes

C. N. Daly

A SPOT IN THE SUN

Dr. and Mrs. Neville Smith and Sir Edward Iliffe, the Warwickshire M.P., watching the exhibition matches on the new lawn tennis courts at Beaulieu

C. N. Daly

THE HON. MRS. EDWARD COLSTON

Wife of Lord Roundway's only son, on the Gallia Courts at Cannes

You can enjoy the wonderful concerts and operas, etc., of Monte Carlo for a few shillings, you can gamble among the riff-raff of Europe and yet direct your letters home from a chaste hotel at Menton, which good Queen Victoria loved so much. You can get the best of balls and gaieties and club and private bridge parties and choice of Protestant pastors—one of whom weekly leads his flock over the mountains and valleys of ancient Liguria, where you can still hear the herd-boy in his goatskin garments making sweet music on his reed pipe as in the brave days of pagan Pan.

WALTER RUMMEL was at his best at the Menton concert and at Mr. O'Hagan's Sunday at home at "Casa del Mare," where he lets himself go and enjoys the sympathy of the wonderful piano, of his most truly hospitable host and of the hundreds of music-lovers whom he assembles to his very lovely villa. The Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven, rendered without a stop, was really played by a super-musician. What a contrast to the jazz band music we are deafened with now! The paper, *Candide*, tells a tale of how a millionaire induced Risler to play the piano in a band of black jazz players at Christmas time in a small hotel near the Place Gavarni, in Paris, and how the niggers struck after half an hour because he played so badly! There was not such a crowd to hear Madame Joy Demarquette sing in six languages, owing to the formal opening of the Bristol Hotel at Beaulieu and the fine exhibition lawn tennis matches. But this Dutch lady with a glorious voice had a great reception, and was quite delightful in some songs by the Finn composer—Gretchaninoff. Her old Scottish songs gave great pleasure to the veteran Lord Mar and other Scottish notables. Lady Garioch has now joined him at the Villa Indiana.

THE crowd which gathered at Beaulieu for the re-opening by

(*Continued on page 242*)

G.P.U.

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. SIR CHARLES SACKVILLE-WEST

G.P.U.

MRS. ERNEST HILL

E. Navello

MR. and MRS. CLEMENT HOBSON, MR. JOSEPH COYNE

E. Navello

MISS JOAN PICKERING AND DANY FER

G.P.U.

LIGHT AND SHADE: A TUNNELLED SECTION OF THE CORNICHE ROAD

A sunny page from the gay visitor's book at Monte Carlo. The pictures of General Sackville-West and of Mrs. Ernest Hill (Captain of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club) were taken at Mont Agel. Mr. Joe Coyne, whom rumour—lying jade!—has associated with a new theatrical production on the Côte d'Azur, is an unwearied lover of Monte Carlo. Miss Joan Pickering and her partner, Dany Fer, have been dancing at the Café de Paris—presumably just to remind London visitors that there is also a Café de Paris way back in this little old burg of ours

G. P. U.

ALL FOR THE SHORE!

R.M.S.P. "Orbita" arrives at Monte. Captain Parker, O.B.E., with a group of his passengers (and not a steward in sight!)

the "Gordon Hotels" of the Hotel Bristol was notably brilliant, even for the Riviera; the weather was perfect, and the tennis played amply rewarded the hundreds who motored from Cannes and other distant resorts of fashion. All the Royalties seemed to be there to see Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen—at the top of her game—with Aeschliman, the Swiss star—defeat Colonel Mayes and Lord Cholmondeley by 6—2, 6—1. The other matches were well worth watching, especially the Mixed Double won by Mrs. Satterthwaite and Mr. Wallis Myers against Miss Ryan and Mr. Lamb by 12—10. Mr. T. P. O'Connor—surrounded by a bevy of Grand Duchesses and Princesses—seemed to be very well again and in great form. Our Royal Duke was, as usual, enjoying his duties in promoting the prosperity of Beaulieu, and he gave the club a great send-off. The hotel, with its many improvements and its unique advantages of climate, is certain to gather the best types of sun-worshippers from the start.

At Monte Carlo the restaurants are now crowded, and some fairly new hotels are taking front rank. The Mirabeau, just below the Metropole, has lovely views of the bays to the east and the coast of Italy to far Bordighera. Its reputation for really good cooking is gathering interesting clients from China to Peru, while, from many places on the Riviera, people come to entertain their friends here. Tell Mr. Schipper the sort of lunch or dinner you want and what you are prepared to pay, and you can safely leave the details in his understanding care.

C. N. Daly

TWO OF A KIND, AND

Mrs. Morse and Mrs. Bramish at the Gallia tournament, Cannes

C. N. Daly

—TWO OF THE SAME

Mme. de Iszkowski and Lady Crosfield, who were there also

The three days' fête at Monte Carlo tempted people to sit out of doors without coats after dinner to watch the splendid display of fireworks from the Rock of Monaco, and enriched the doctors with a crop of colded patients. The concerts everywhere, torchlight processions, toy balloon races, review of the toy army, etc., were enjoyed even more than usual, as the weather keeps *hors concours* here.

The three special balls, on each of which over a thousand pounds is to be spent, are to be given on February 6, March 6, and April 3, but the invited have to pay a hundred francs per ticket. The third is to be held on the "Tir aux Pigeons" ground, and should be a lovely welcome to the arrival of Spring. The ladies each receive a lovely doll souvenir.

Alfieri

AT CANNES

M. Calas Blumer D'Aglie and Major and Mrs. Maclulich on the new miniature golf course in the Galèries Fleuries—the first golf course of its kind in France

Mr. Douglas Sladen is at Monte Carlo writing a new novel with a Riviera setting. Mr. Oliver Bodington has just left; his recent book, *Thirty Seasons at Monte Carlo*, should be full of interest, as such an eminent Paris man of law must have many curious reminiscences and exceptional chances of knowing what goes on here. Mr. Alfred Spender has also just left for home with Mrs. Spender after an ideal time at the Riviera Palace, which is having a great season. He is writing a book on "Public Life," which should be a very valuable and authoritative pronouncement. Baron Rudolph Slatin Pasha is another interesting visitor at the Metropole. J. G. H.

NEXT WEEK!

Our Second Special
RIVIERA NUMBER

Photographs, Sketches, and Special Articles from the Côte d'Azur.

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In a Riviera Garden

Exclusive to The Bystander *by Rey, Cannes*

The Princess Karageorgevitch of Serbia, in the grounds of her beautiful Riviera home, the Villa Fiorentina, at Cannes

RUGGER RAGGINGS

A NAVAL DISASTER

By "PENDARVES"

If the Army and the Royal Air Force are going to be beaten this year by the Senior Service, they must both have poor sides to represent them. This, judging by the Navy team that appeared for the first time in London the other day only to be soundly beaten by a mediocre Blackheath team. I may be alone in this rather caustic criticism, but to me it is an unusual and a depressing sight to see the Royal Navy XV, well on in the season, appearing in public, not as a compact, shall we say well-drilled side, but as a rather wild and dishevelled body of players, striving valiantly, as of course they always would, but without any sting in their sustained effort, and with no apparent policy or programme. They were "slopping about all over the deck," as a Naval officer next to me very truly said.

It is often a dangerous thing to have a few shining lights with big names in a team, and a long tail of newcomers, shy of themselves and endeavouring to feed the stars *ad nauseam*. It is thus with the Navy side as at present constituted. You have the skipper, Kershaw The Great, of whom more anon. You have the old stagers Luddington and Gardner; and you have the redoubtable H. W. V. Stephenson on the right wing—and practically nobody else whatever. [I am *not* going to lunch in H.M.S. *Excellent*, *Pembroke*, or the R.N.C., Greenwich, so my life can go on being insured for the time being.] But these four die-hards cannot win matches on their own, which seemed to have been expected of them against Blackheath.

The Navy three-quarters never got going at all, until the ball by some mischance reached the Irish international, which was seldom enough, and then, of course, he was off like a flash; but by that time several Blackheathens had been given ample opportunity to close all the approaches to the line. This edging-out process was due almost entirely to inexperienced Navy threes trying, every time they got the ball, to bring off bursts of brilliant individualism on their own. One hopes the Navy left wing will be scrapped, unless Sub-Lieuts. Wood and Armytage give up that horrible habit of taking their passes at the halt, and sometimes at the stand easy.

They have got a full back in Paymaster-Lieut. Satterthwaite with the safest pair of hands (excluding always Nepia) I have seen for many a long day. Unfortunately he did not show us anything very much else, except how not to kick to touch. The requisite gifts will no doubt come. But is there time before February 25?

The forwards seemed composed chiefly of Gardner and the "crusher" Luddington, but what are two among so many? On looking at the names of ships upon the programme I am now quite resolved, after saying this, that if I see H.M.S. *Excellent* coming into any port where I happen to be, I am leaving that port by the first up train! Two obese gentlemen below me in the Stand agreed at half-time that they "didn't think much of Kershaw." I was sorry about that (and I am sure he would be) because in my view Lieut. C. A. Kershaw is still the equivalent in striking force, judgment, and aplomb of any three men in any club side now playing. He has lost a little of his cat-like quickness at the base of the scrum; he is not quite so nippy in the loose. But he has not lost his speed of foot to any marked extent, and he is still in the van of all the battles. His vast experience and, so to speak, blindfold knowledge of the game, is still of immense value to any team except perhaps England; and for these super games what cunning and speed has been left him is vital to her victories. His long thrown-out passes over half a dozen heads to the unmarked man at the right time and in exactly the right place, are a joy to watch, as they always were. His coaching of his team is done in rather a breathless voice (I hope the obese ones will read this) but he is still a great player for all that; and the Navy must be thankful they have got him for one more season. He will be hard to replace.

As for Blackheath, I do not, of course, know whether they had received prior information as to the comparative weakness of the Navy opponents on that day, and fielded a team accordingly. But if a side of that quality had appeared against the Navy three years ago they would have been mighty sorry about it afterwards. But there were other Service matches, and Trials and Internationals and things going on that afternoon—perhaps that was the reason? Somebody forgot to tell Dalrymple, their left wing, that he was opposed in Stephenson to one of the very finest tacklers in the four countries, consequently when he slowed down, as he frequently did, and tried to dodge this officer he found himself with his legs in the air and his head in touch nearly every time.

One of those "regrettable incidents" occurred when Potter-Irwin very properly stopped the game and asked the Blackheath captain if he would mind telling the crowd behind the goal posts that *he* was refereeing the match, and not they. What my old friend Potter-Irwin forgot was that the "Club" supporters who stand a long way behind the goal posts *own the ground*, and doubtless a large slice of Kent as well, judging by their dictatorial voices.

Sport and General

IN FRANCE'S "TWENTY-FIVE"

A French back, hard-pressed, about to find touch during the international fixture against Scotland at Inverleith. Despite a half-time lead of only one point, Scotland romped home by twenty-five points to four

Facts that are Stranger than Fiction

BY STAN TERRY

COOK *(perusing MSS. of mistress, a famous novelist)*: "I say—the missus's next book ain't 'arf going to be a scorcher!"

HOUSEMAID: "You silly—that's her diary you've got hold of!"

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THERE is a previous record of a man who got his face slapped before he had said a word. He was a romantic young reporter, and he went to interview a pretty lady thought-reader. But, as Mr. Kipling would say, that is another story. The man who Gets Slapped in this film begins as a not very well-balanced professor of anthropology. He is learned enough to have discovered the origin of the human race, but he doesn't know a thing about the ways of pretty women, with a bold bad Baron in the offing. Barons have, of course, been the *enfants terribles* of romance from 'way back. Yet "He," being poor, accepts the hospitality of the Baron's home (including use of the library), and leaves his pretty wife to find her own amusement. "He" is a man with hungry eyes and straggly whiskers and no money, while the Baron is not unhandsome, very rich, and, of course, quite unscrupulous.

THE first thing we know is that "He" locks away in a cabinet the script of a lecture which he is to deliver before the Academy of Sciences, and for which, in due course, he expects a decoration and a spot-cash reward. But the bold bad Baron is on "He's" track. "He's" wife follows him to bed and steals the key of the cabinet. A special film, doubtless for the precise instruction of wives in general, is exhibited showing how you take the garment in question with one hand while you deftly insert the other hand into the pocket containing the key. We see on the picture nothing but the garment and the moving hands, and it seems to me that people ought not to be allowed to go about sowing the seeds of domestic discord in this way. However, it is too late to stop the tragedy now. "He" duly goes to the Academy prepared to read his learned paper, only to find that the Baron, who has mounted the rostrum before him, is delivering the stolen goods to loud and prolonged applause.

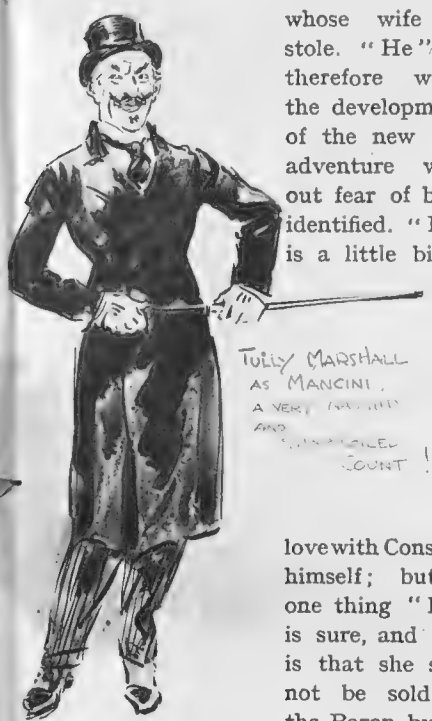
I SAW this film at the Tivoli, which is, I suppose, a "Super-Cinema." Anyway, it is a palatial building where only exclusive films are exhibited. I presume, however, that by this time this particular film will have been "released" for the benefit of the smaller fry, and it seems certain that it will make a general sensation. The actor who takes the part of "He" is Mr. Lon Chaney, who almost makes his features talk aloud. His facial expressions as he realises how the Baron has done him down are extraordinary in their speaking animation, and if you want to see how a man looks when he has got trouble aboard, Lon Chaney supplies the goods. Then "He," not content with silent protest, appeals to the assembled members of the Academy for fair play, but is declared to be a lunatic. We see a great gathering of men of science bursting into tremendous laughter at the sight of "He" who claims to be one of themselves. I think this strikes a rather false note. My impression is that men of science do not laugh at cases of alleged mental affliction.

"HE" is politely conducted from the premises of the Academy, and thus gets his first Slap. When "He" hurries home to tell his wife his trouble, she laughs at him, and gives him a backhander in the mouth to go on with—second Slap. She also calmly announces her intention of living henceforward under the Baron's protection. So there "He" is—poor, friendless, dishonoured and a grass-widower at that. What'll "He" do? "He" decides to look at the funny side of his ill-luck. There is a theory propounded by this film that the sight of a man who is being Slapped, literally or metaphorically, always excites popular mirth. Therefore "He" decides to become a circus clown who lets people Slap him to amuse the public. "He" does so well at the business that "He" is at one time congratulated on having in one evening received no fewer than one hundred Slaps. As the poet has so truly said, we must all take our pleasure where we find it.

THE scene of the circus is admirably presented and there is a little love idyll of two young people which is of perfect charm. They go strolling among the buttercups, and he makes her a little tiara of wild flowers, and they kiss each other with that nice art which can only come from long practice. Her name is Consuelo, and his Bezano, and they are both circus riders. But she is the daughter of a faded Count who has higher views for

her than a marriage into the world of sawdust and orange-peel. In fact, the Count offers his young and lovely daughter to our old friend the Baron, who, having failed to buy the dear girl with a pearl necklace, is finally bluffed into a promise of marriage.

THIS is where "He" comes on the scene again. The Baron does not recognise in the painted and distorted features of the clown the man whose wife he stole. "He" can therefore watch the developments of the new love adventure without fear of being identified. "He" is a little bit in love with Consuelo himself; but of one thing "He" is sure, and that is that she shall not be sold to the Baron by her dissolute father. At this stage of the proceedings the drama becomes of the penny-plain-twopence-coloured variety. The Count says that the Baron shall marry Consuelo after that evening's performance of the circus, and the Baron orders champagne for everyone on the strength of his good fortune. In the intervals of being Slapped in the circus ring, "He" gets a brain-wave. Part of the equipment of the circus is a caged lion. "He" pushes the cage against the door of the room in which the Count and the Baron are laughing at their successful transaction, and withdraws the bars so that directly the door of the room is opened all the lion has to do is to step inside and see whom he will bite first. There are two doors to the room, and "He" enters by one of them, locks the door behind him and loses the key.



AS soon as the Count perceives that the one door is locked and that the only way out is through the lion's cage he gets so angry that he draws the blade from a sword-stick he carries, and pokes "He" most discourteously, and also severely, in the waistcoat. Poor "He" struggles to a stool in the corner, announcing the simple truth that anyhow the laugh in the game is with him who laughs last. Then comes the really exciting scene. The other door being opened the lion springs into the room with a graceful bound and begins to make ugly faces at his victims who are, not unreasonably, in a nice panicky condition. One by one the lion claims his prey. We do not, of course, actually see him mauling his victims, because film producers, while naturally anxious for the utmost realism possible, find it difficult to get good actors who are willing to be bitten by lions for the benefit of the cause.

BUT the thing is done very ingeniously here. The Count turns a table on its side and hides behind it while the lion jumps lightly over the obstacle; and we are left to conclude that he is biting pieces out of the sinful Count, and probably rejecting them again immediately on account of their yellow taste. Then the Baron is caught behind the same kind of shelter, and the lion, an imposing beast, roars his satisfaction with the mute emphasis of the picture on the screen. There follows a slight anti-climax in which the lady lion-tamer of the circus runs into the room and drives the lion back to his cage with a single crack of her whip. We are left to infer that if the Baron and the Count had only had the presence of mind to flick the corner of a pocket handkerchief in the brute's face, the King of Beasts would have slunk tearfully away, and promised to lead a better life for the future. After the Count and the Baron have been disposed of, "He" totters into the ring in a dying state, and somebody gives him a good hard slap that finishes him off for good.

JINGLE

Motley Musings

THIS LOSING BUSINESS

"Don't make a habit of it!"—THE PRINCE OF WALES

Though the fact we may deplore,
That you cannot always score
Is a maxim on which ev'ryone agrees;
You must take things as they come,
Should your polo team succumb;
But don't make a habit of it, please!

You may make some awkward slips
In your tennis championships,
And the "net" result be one that doesn't please:
Each forlorn-tennis hope
With the foreigner mayn't cope;
But don't make a habit of it, please!

In the "Walker" Cup, perhaps,
Just a temporary lapse
May be one for which we'll find apologies;
An occasional set-back
May befall you on the track;
But don't make a habit of it, please!

And, by Jove, don't effervesce
In the columns of the Press,
When you happen to be beaten to your knees:
If the good thing comes unstuck,
Do not grouse about "the luck"—
Oh, don't make a habit of it, PLEASE!

. . . .

A NOTTINGHAM juvenile writes to suggest that the Australian eleven may Whysall for their next win. If he writes like that again——!!

. . . .

ANYHOW, we are convinced that their batters are not really our betters.

. . . .

LADIES, we read, are now playing golf in plus fours. Soon we shall hear that in the evenings their nether limbs are the "knee plush ultra."

A CERTAIN golf club is concerned because its smoking-room *habitués* will "babble o' green fees." We understand, however, that the committee has got a Vardon grip on the situation.

. . . . . .

A PATHETIC essay has just been published on "Oxford Re-visited," in which the writer laments the attitude of the undergraduates towards those who re-visit their old 'Varsity. Keats summed up his complaint exactly when he wrote:

"Standing, like Ruth, amid the alien 'Corn.'"

. . . . . .

MORE crimes are committed through hunger than through passion, says a French journal. Perhaps, then, the old adage ought to read, *"cherchez la faim!"*

. . . . . .

"THE WOMAN ALWAYS PAYS" is said to be a most attractive film. Certain Scots gentlemen with their good ladies have been flocking to the box-office.

. . . . . .

RINGING up the Bankruptcy Buildings the other day, the subscriber failed to get through. Vainly he told the operator that he had hold of the official receiver!

OUR special definition of a snob: One who harps upon the upper ten like a recurring decimal.

. . . .

A PHYSICIAN states that indulgence in cocktails is a prolific cause of quarrels. Yet we have known many disputes patched up with sherry-cobblers.

. . . . . .

"OLD buffers on trains to be scrapped," was the recent headline of a contemporary. Elderly gentlemen, who run to catch that 9.30, are becoming alarmed.

. . . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why there are no actors in Parliament. Good heavens! Why, Lloyd George has a seat and Commander Kenworthy, and—but, there, there!

. . . . . .

FOLLOWING the example of the London County Council, the Aberdonian has selected as a motto: "Of no 'mean' city am I."

. . . . . .

As a result of a feud in Mexico, one of the parties to the quarrel has wiped out two of his enemies with an axe. He seems at last effectually to have buried the hatchet!

. . . . . .

OMAR'S CROSS-WORDS

Waste not your Moments in the vain pursuit
Of some dark Synonym that bears no fruit;
Better be jocund with a pal at golf
Than sadden after some damned Substitute!

HARTLEY CARRICK

"ANOTHER NEW PROBLEM TO-MORROW!" By EDDIE BENFIELD

JEALOUS YOUNG WIFE: "George, you *must* tell me! Who is this Penelope you keep mumbling about in your sleep?"

GEORGE: "Don't be silly, my dear! I'm not asleep. I've just thought of that girl's name in eight letters that we've been wanting all the evening"

Three Little Maids—A Long Way from School

Gordon Lewis

Three of the "Athos Beauties," the sprightly chorus in the revised version of the Cabaret at Princes Restaurant

The PUZZLE

By OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

"I BEG your pardon," said the old gentleman in the corner seat. "Do you happen to know a word of eight letters meaning 'eminently desirable'?"

The young man facing him was looking yearningly at his watch. It was a gold hunter, and he was not looking at the dial but at the inside of the case, into which was fitted the photograph of a girl. "My precious!" he murmured, absently.

"Thank you very much. P-r-e—Excellent—the very word. Absurd of me not to have seen it before. A thousand thanks." With an eager pencil he wrote upon the folded newspaper in his hand. "And now—One—two—three—five letters. 'Idolatrous attitude.' Let me think now. 'Deceived'—no—'crazy'—no—too short——"

"I adore you!" murmured the young man, as he closed his watch and slipped it back into his pocket.

"Adore—one—two—three—why, of course. It fits exactly. Really, sir, you must allow me—Heavens—where are we?" He peered anxiously through the clouded window at the dark landscape slipping by. "We—have we passed Linford Junction?"

The young man came out of his reverie. "Linford? Two stations back. We shall be in Maybury in five minutes."

"Maybury? Impossible." He smiled rather apologetically. "Con-found these cross-words. I—well—I suppose I can get another train back?"

Again the young man consulted his watch, this time reversing it. "You will just have missed the six forty-five up. There isn't another that stops at Linford before nine eighteen."

"Nine eighteen. Out of the question. My daughter would be terrified. Besides—I have a friend staying the night—Professor Mystenholme, most important. Unless I am at Singleton by half-past seven——"

The young man looked suddenly interested. "Singleton—did you say Singleton?"

"Of course I did," retorted the old gentleman, testily. "I am Sir Henry Oldfield."

"You—you are Sir Henry Oldfield." He spoke as might a disciple of the Gautama Buddha to whom the god had appeared in person. "You are really *the* Sir Henry Oldfield?"

To even the most distinguished there is still satisfaction in the homage of lesser men. Sir Henry thawed obviously. "That is my name," he said, amiably.

"Then—then—I say—won't you let me run you over to Singleton in my two-seater? It is garaged just outside the station, and I can get you home in a quarter of an hour."

"But—but I don't know you."

"I—I'm nobody that matters. But I can tell you, sir, there isn't a man living who would do more for you than I would. I may strike you as only a rotter——"

"I beg your pardon," said Sir Henry, suddenly. "Rotter—R-o-t-t-e-r. Six letters. Equivalent to a detrimental." He took up his newspaper again and consulted it eagerly. "Exactly. Perfect. My young friend—by your well-chosen examples you have completed the puzzle for me." It seemed to occur to him that from a person of his intellectual eminence some explanation was needed.

"Altogether childish, these cross-word puzzles. But it is wonderful how they pass the time, on a railway journey for instance. And personally I find that my vocabulary——But, here we are at Maybury. And now—if I may so far trespass on your kindness—I shall be glad to accept your offer. And I hope you will stay and dine with my daughter and myself afterwards."

At precisely seventeen minutes past seven the little two-seater drew up before the modest house—famous in the learned societies of three continents—where lived Sir Henry Oldfield, most famous of epidoptologists.

Even as the car stopped, the door opened and a young woman hurried out, followed by an elderly man with a vast golden beard. She gave a little cry of surprise as she saw the young man. "You — Dick," she cried, but suddenly controlling herself, turned to her father, who was descending a shade stiffly. "I was getting so anxious," she told him, reproachfully. "And Professor Mystenholme was beginning to think that you had forgotten all about him."

Sir Henry briefly explained that he had been carried past his station, without mentioning the reason. "I owe it entirely to this young gentleman that I am here at all," he added. "Mr.—Mr.——"

The young man seemed unaccountably embarrassed. "My—my name is Chadwick," he stammered. "Richard Chadwick."

Sir Henry started as though a serpent had stung him. "The son of the late Professor Chadwick?" he asked, angrily.

The young man bowed his head affirmatively, but without speaking. It was only too notorious in the world of science that Sir Henry Oldfield and Professor Chadwick had been, as sometimes happens even to distinguished scientists, on terms of sheer enmity, personal and professional rivalry uniting in their mutual dislike. Not only had Professor Chadwick openly accused Sir Henry Oldfield of plagiarising his greatest discovery; it was even whispered that he had married the lady upon whom his rival's affections were set and that Sir Henry had sworn never to rest until he had obtained revenge.

For a moment there was an awkward silence. It was broken by the Swedish professor, who came impulsively forward and seized the young man's hands in both of his. "The son of my old friend, Professor Chadwick!" he cried. "To meet you—and in this, the house of my other best friend—this is indeed a delightful surprise." He beamed through his spectacles upon the company generally. "Miss Margaret, you cannot know how happy your father has made me."

"Meantime the dinner is getting cold," said Miss Margaret. "For goodness' sake come in. Don't worry about the car, Dick. I will tell someone——"

"Dick!" cried her father in an awful voice. "Then—you know each other. How dare——"

"Of course we do, you silly. Everyone isn't as mediæval as you are, you know."

For an awful moment it seemed that the fires of Sir Henry's wrath were about to burst out. Suddenly he smiled. "After all, he did suggest the word 'rotter,'" he said. "Come in, then, do. I am nearly famished."

. . . . . .

Professor Mystenholme had already retired for the night and Sir Henry was sitting before the fire in his study, sunk in deep thought, when the door opened and his daughter, hand in hand with young Mr. Chadwick, came into the room. "Dick has something he wants to say to you, father," she explained.

Sir Henry looked up with a grim face. "What is it?" he asked, unamiably. The young man hesitated. "Only, sir, that I was wrong about that word—the eight letter one I gave you in the train, for 'eminently desirable.' It shouldn't be 'p-r-e-c-i-o-u-s,' but 'M-a-r-g-a-r-e-t.'"

Squaring the Dance Circles

BY HIGGINS

"A word of five letters, beginning with C, the fourth letter of which is Z, meaning 'dotty'"

"HUNTIN' IS NOT WHA

BY CHLOË PRESTON

AT IT USED TO BE!"

A Shooting Pain

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A DESPERATE METHOD OF CURING PREHISTORIC TOOTHACHE

NEW SERIES

LITTLE NATURE STUDIES

No. III.—THE BOTTLE-WASH.

By ARTHUR MILLS. *Illustrated by A. WALLIS MILLS*

THE Bottle-Wash is a luxury-loving little creature. Motor-cars, good food and plenty of servants are indispensable to its existence. Its favourite haunts are the ante-rooms of Ministers of State, the palaces of Pro-Consuls, and the headquarters of Generals of high degree.

The harmony of its life depends largely on the temper of its overlord, and as certain forms of seaweed are said to react to atmospheric conditions, so will the demeanour of the bottle-wash indicate the frame of mind of its sovereign chief.

Here, anyway, is the life story of Albert John Budgett, some time A.D.C. to General Grill, Officer Commanding at Tildershot.

Albert John—or "Bertie" as he shall be henceforth called—had a soul above the ordinary routine of regimental life. In fact, he hated it. He loathed walking behind his company for miles on dusty roads; he loathed being orderly officer and having to get up and inspect the battalion ration meat before breakfast; he loathed sitting in draughty butts while earthbound bullets spattered mud upon him; above all, he loathed the Adjutant, who had what he called "his eye upon him."

Certainly Bertie had done something to draw on himself the Adjutant's eye. Bertie possessed considerable facility as a cartoonist, and had exercised this at the Adjutant's expense.

Now the Adjutant, though quite the best Adjutant at Tildershot, showed no sense of humour at all when he found a picture of six geese—his own head superimposed on the leading bird—crossing the road in exactly the same manner. He took umbrage.

He said nothing at the time, but having occasion later to find fault with Bertie's deportment on guard-mounting, ordered him a month's drill with the recruits on the square. Now only very young officers drill with recruits upon the square.

In those days Tildershot was what is known as a strenuous station. The troops were kept constantly at exercise; highly-placed persons came down to see their mimic battles; eminent military correspondents wrote articles about the "red" force and the "white."

When General Grill was appointed, rumour had it he would make life more strenuous still. As a martinet he had a reputation that the Governor of a Siberian political prison might have envied.

"Albert John had a soul above the ordinary routine of regimental life"

Bertie, footsore, hunted by the Adjutant, and hating life, wondered if he should send in his papers. He felt he could not stand much more. And then, when the sky was at its blackest, the sun came through. General Grill appointed Bertie his A.D.C. He had been asked to, apparently, by one of Bertie's relations.

To Bertie this was more than mere deliverance, it was the fulfilment of his highest aspirations. All his life he had longed to be an A.D.C. He felt he was cut out for the work and in a way he was. He was tactful and had a respectful manner in the General's presence that must have gratified any potentate. It was a manner that was in itself a tribute to the greatness of his master. Bertie's conversation became chiefly "The General would not like that" and "The General thinks"; in fact, he talked about the General all the time.

He discarded his heavy marching boots and puttees, and put on a pair of smart riding breeches with canary strappings which the Adjutant had forbidden him to wear. He never walked; he rode either in the General's car or upon a horse. There were golden moments when he cantered across the parade ground to convey to the Adjutant the General's wishes on certain points.

And then, just as a woman jeopardised the military career of Ivanhoe, so Phœbe made Bertie crash.

Phœbe was the General's niece; she came down to stay with her uncle. Bertie laid himself out to please her. He taught her golf; he went with her to dancing class; he rode with her; in fact, he did everything that a good A.D.C. ought to do. Finally, he produced his last card. His cartoon book.

Phœbe declared she had never known before how clever he was. She wanted to know who all the people were, and roared over the picture of the Adjutant.

"Have you done Uncle yet?"

"The General!" said Bertie, aghast "Oh, no."

He knew instinctively that the General was not a man who would appreciate being caricatured. He had the same lack of sense of humour about himself that the Adjutant had.

However, Phœbe cajoled and wheedled, and finally prevailed. Once Bertie let himself go, he certainly made a very amusing caricature. He drew a picture of a toy soldier, with his hat at exactly the angle the General always wore his, and an expression like the General's on inspection days. Then he made a net-work of red tape like a wire entanglement, and showed the toy soldier falling into it (the General was a tremendous stickler for routine). "Blobs trips up" he called the cartoon. "Blobs" was the General's nickname.

Phœbe roared with laughter when she saw the picture.

"Hush!" said Bertie, as the General's step was heard.

"All right, I'll hide it," Phœbe whispered.

Later Bertie and the General set out. A special sham battle had been organised

that day for the benefit of an August Person. The August Person, the General, and Bertie watched the campaign from a hill.

"Where is the attacking force supposed to be?" asked the August Person. "Let me see a map."

Bertie, alert and perfect A.D.C., instantly unhooked his map-case in which he had put a map open at the spot where operations were taking place. He handed the case complete to the August Person who took it, stared at it, stared at the General, then back at the map.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the August Person, slapping his leg, "ha! ha! ha! ha! that is the best thing I have seen for a long time."

The General, not knowing the joke, also laughed till the August Person handed him the map; then the General's laugh died in his throat in ghastly fashion.

Phœbe swore she never knew what the map-case was for when she hid the cartoon there.

However, Bertie is once more drilling with the recruits.

Next Week—

No. IV.—THE BAR MOTH.

Hoppé

MADAME NIKITINA

A new photo of this clever Russian performer, known to London audiences through her association with the Chauve-Souris. Recently Madame Nikitina has been dancing on the Riviera. She is appearing in a new revue at the Concert Mayol, in Paris

More Trouble Out East!

We have received the following letter from a reader enclosing a notice from a Chinese paper, both of which we publish with as little comment as possible, our policy with reference to these vexatious Eastern problems being "strongly neutral":

Mr. C. O. N. Stantreader, writing from Wei-hai-Wei, says:

DEAR SIR,—The question "Who is Yogo Hama?" is settled. This gentleman is now established here as a shirt-maker. In proof of this I enclose a letter from the Company, which I think you will agree is in keeping with Mr. Yogo Hama's very interesting articles. Enclosing my card, I remain, yours very truly,

C. O. N. STANTREADER.

The "enclosed" letter in question runs as follows:

T—— SHIRT CO.
Successors to YATONEYO SHIRT CO.
WEI-HAI-WEI, *December*, 1924

DEAR CUSTOMER,—Thanking you for your liberal patronage to our line which we are very satisfied on successful business, as the first pioneer makers of shirt in this Local. Now, we received large assortment shirting of our exclusive patterns and quality, washable of silks, cotton crepe, etc. are suitable wear for the season to Ladies and Gentlemen Shirt, Pyjamas etc., etc. and we can recommend you made to order taken by special measurement. Herewith enclose a sample swatches as Idea in showing, how are about of the quality and shall thank you to have your favorable trial order. If require on call telephone or post card, we shall be glad to visit you immediatly on carrying samples. We beg to remain yours obedient servant,

T—— SHIRT CO.

P.S.—Also we have large assortment of cravate and water colour of Japanese picture etc., etc. suitable for Christmas Gifts.

Mr. Yogo Hama, on whom our special representative called, was invisible as ever, but by no means inaudible. He has written us "as vizly":

Hon. Editor, THE BYSTANDER.

DEAR HON. SIR,—My private feelings are very upset, also I have consult Hon. legal solicitor for litigation suit, re concerning the so wicked suggestion that I are a shirt-making person or other artizen class. Permit I should inform your so block-head correspondent, that the T—— Shirt Co. used 1 time to be the menial servant of my Hon. paternal father.—Yours,

YOGO HAMA.

With such a tuneful Song about a Shirt, we wonder how the chorus goes!

Fashions—and a Phenomenal Fellow from the Riviera

AT THE CAPITOLE CABARET, MONTE CARLO

Some dainty fashions for ladies by Molyneux (presumably after their menfolk have broken the Bank—before walking along the Bois de Boolong with an independent air)

NO LADY!

"Derkas," a wonderful singer at the Capitole, Monte Carlo. He can do you baritone or soprano, and is shortly to be seen—and heard—in London

MORE FASHIONS AT MONTE

G.P.U.

A few more of the fanciful fashions that were shown at the Capitole Cabaret. Women, it has been said by those who know, will always have the last word. This, of course, was before the days of fashionable Paris dressmakers

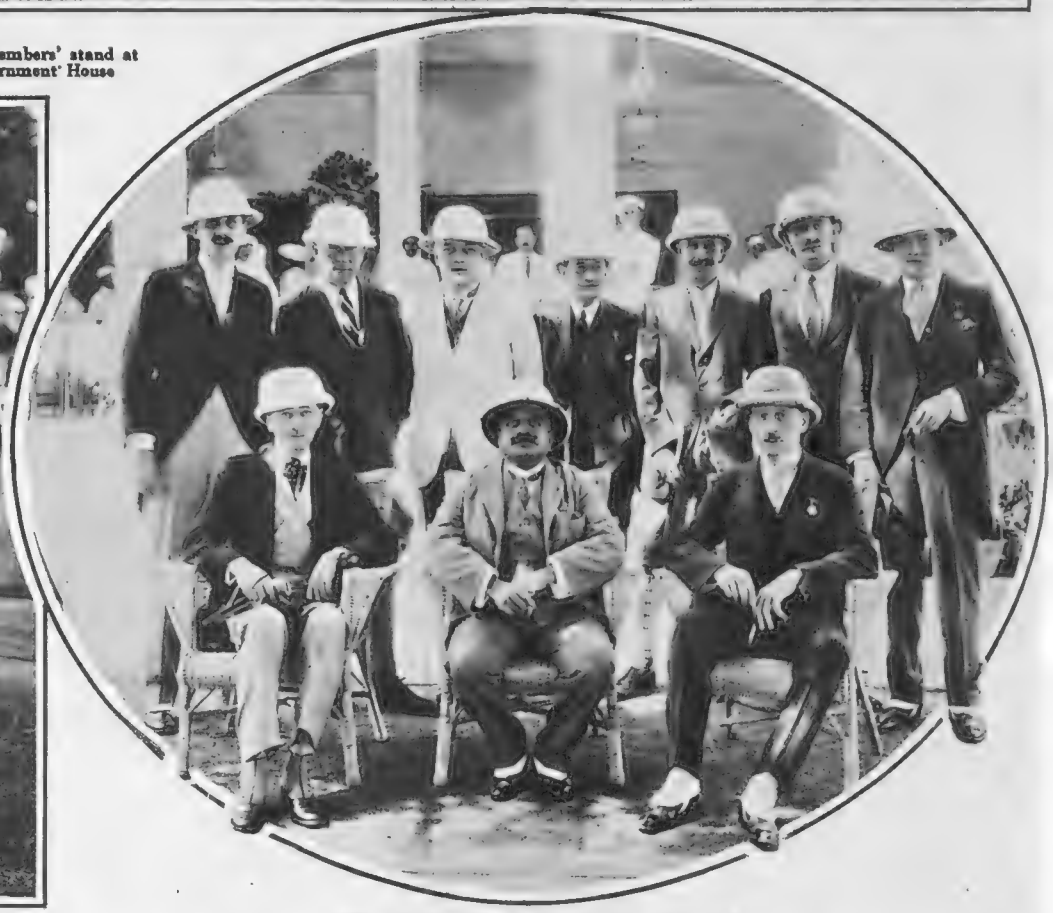
Sport in the Empire Where (Unlike

"THE ASCOT OF INDIA"

A view of the first enclosure and picturesque members' stand at the Madras Races, Guindy, not far from Government House

THE GOVERNOR'S CUP

H.E. The Governor of Madras (Lord Goschen) presenting the Governor's Cup at the conclusion of the Madras Races. With him is Lady Goschen



"THE HEAT AND BURDEN OF THE DAY"

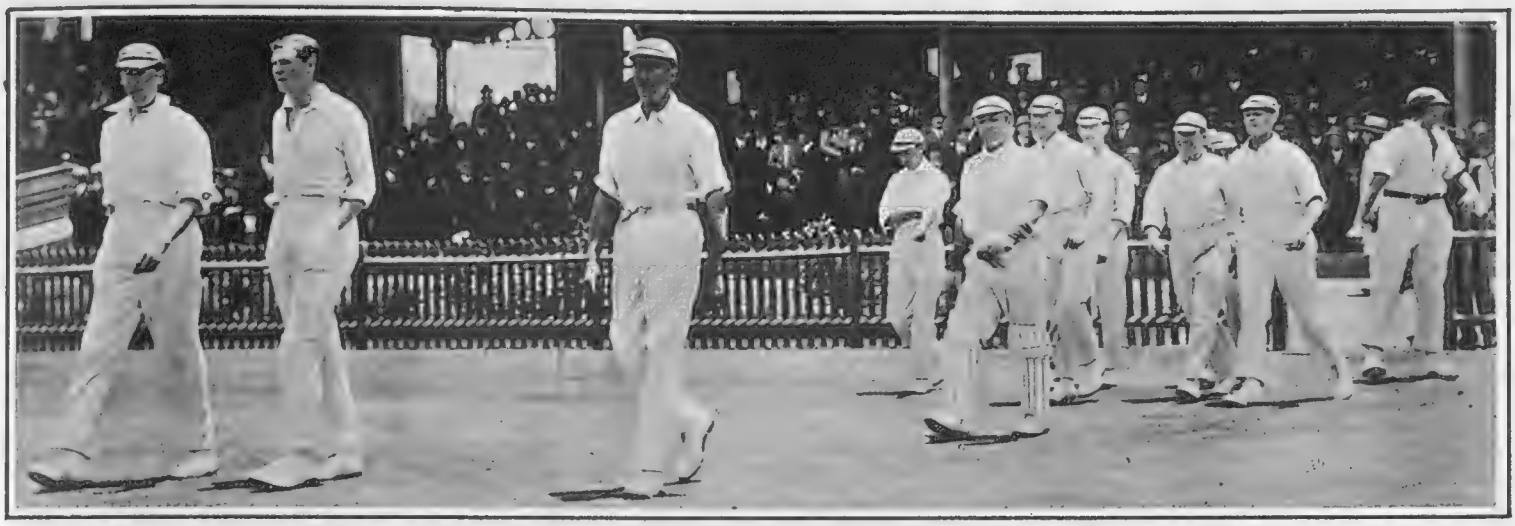
Stewards and officials of the Madras Race Club photographed after their onerous duties on Governor's Cup Day. Seated: Major K. O. Goldie (left), the Mansubhdar of Venkatagiri, K.C.I.E., and Mr. P. Hannyurton. Standing: Major H. A. Hildebraud, Captain B. Williams M.C., Mr. H. P. M. Rae, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Lane, C.I.E., Captain H. Allison, Major W. B. Hale, and Mr. T. M. Ross

AN ARRIVAL IN STATE

Burke

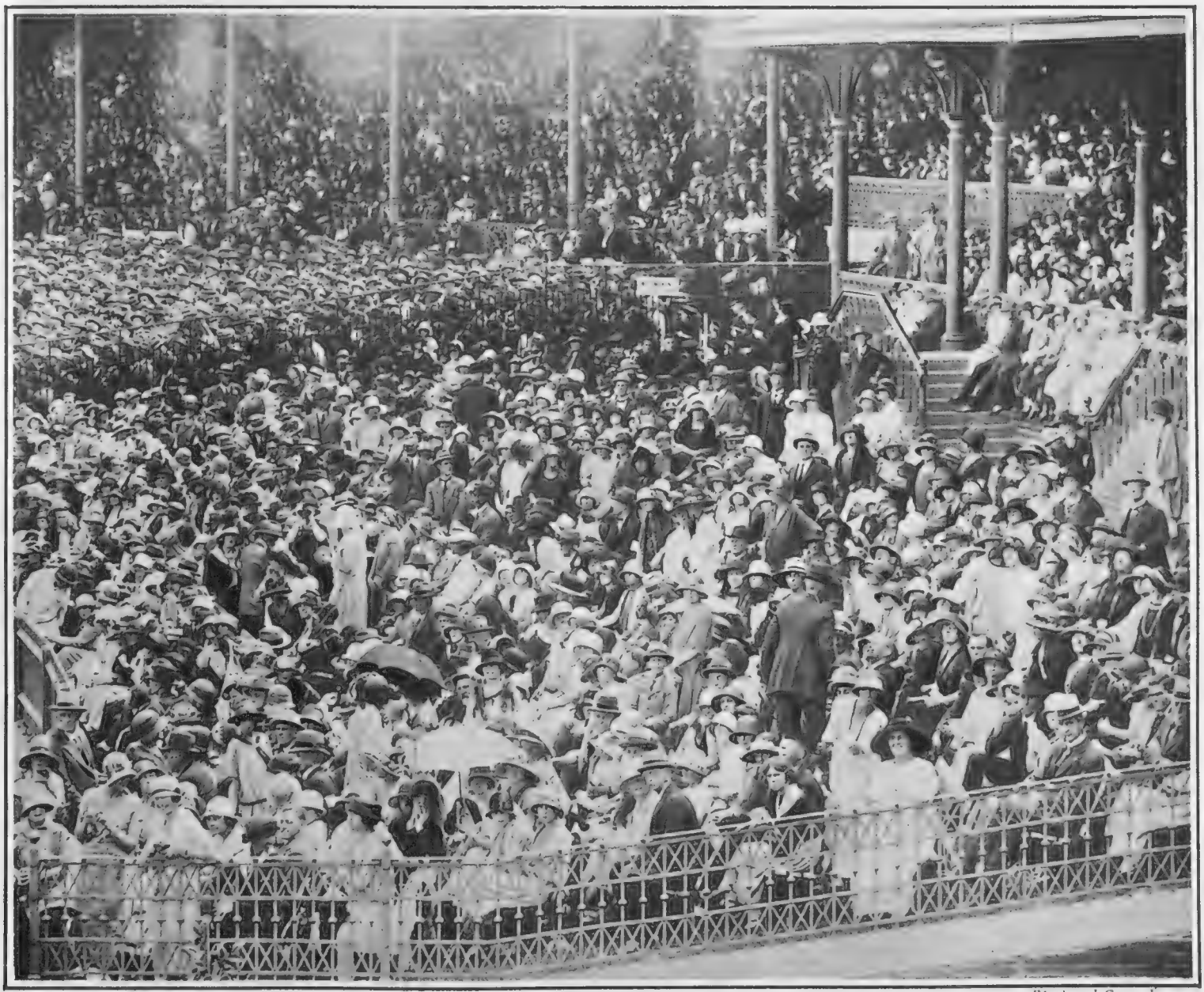
His Excellency Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras, arriving on the Governor's Cup Day with Lady Goschen, for the Madras Races—the Ascot of India. Our photograph shows the Stewards of the Course receiving the Government House party

the Homeland) the Sun Never Sets!



ENGLAND TAKES THE FIELD

The M.C.C. team going out to field at Sydney in the first Test Match against Australia. We have been given to understand that England lost the match



Sport and General

THE WOMEN'S POINT OF VIEW

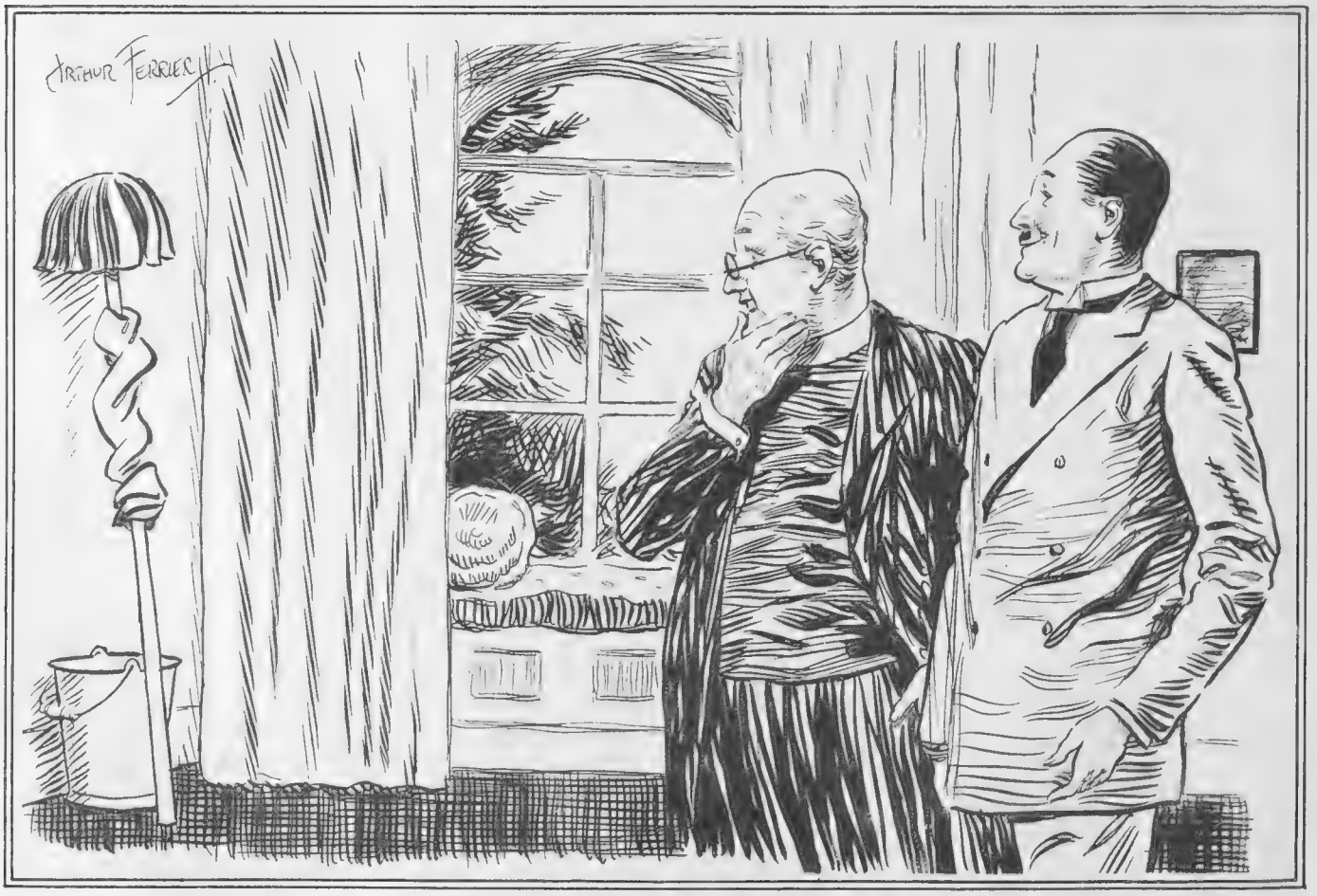
A section of the vast crowd on the Sydney ground during the first Test Match, showing the Ladies' Reserved Enclosure. The women of Australia are evidently as keen on cricket as their men—and ours. Since the Victorian Days, the feminine "fan" has acquired a very different meaning!

"What Shall We Do With Our Girls?"

By Batchelor

THESE "BATCHELOR" GIRLS

Cecilia: "Why did you marry George after all?"
Betty: "Well, you see dear, we were engaged for five years and got tired of being so much together"



By Arthur Ferrier

THE UNKIND CUT

Shortsighted Visitor: "I see, Mr. Jones, that your daughter has her hair bobbed"

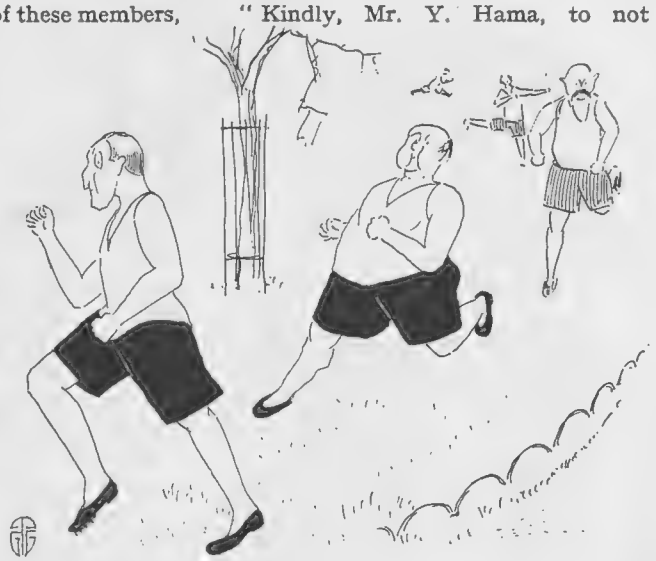
YOGO HAMA *on* CONSTITUTIONAL CLUB "SCOOPINGS"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

THIS are to inform that I have succeeded to obtain some very important exclusives up my sleeve, which I shall now decant to produce you good scoopings that will make to tear their hairs with envy numerous scoopless contemporaries. You are no doubtfully aware that Hon. Constitutional Club persons banqueted Hon. Sir Baldwin to a good feedings dinner for gratis, so that he did not have to pay his eating expenses, but only 2d to the waiting person for good lucks. Are it not a very delicious thought to think that these so hardy and Spartan-life persons should have orgied themselves with big feedings so they might listen to hear the Hon. Sir Primate produce policies and other goodish hopes? Very indeedly, yes.

"Impardon me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, I cannot share your tears for these Constitution heroes because of eating a good feedings dinner," you repart?

This shows you to be a very carnal and ignoramus person. Hon. Constitutionals Club comprises itself of very muscular health persons who live on vim, pep and other patent energy foods which cause them to come out in muscles and suchly athletic bumps. The so great activities of these members, even when 90 or a 100 of age, has produced us the verb "to take a constitutional," which translates to mean a health preamble at high speeds in order to imbibe oxygen, hydrogen and other hygienic gases. It are very delicious spectacular to witness Hon. Constitutional members constituting every morning at a.m. in the park to secure appetites and other health blessings.



"Hon. Constitutionals Club comprises very muscular health persons"

"Kindly to inform if you are an Hon. Constitutional, Mr. Y. Hama," you require?

Alasly no, Hon. Sir, I have not possess the requisite physics. Persons wishing to become Constitutionals must suffer to endure severeish tests as lifting a ton weight, jumping the 100 yards, shooting the long bow and other feats of grit. Specially prepared medicine gents are kept for testing Constitutional tyroes who, if non-sufficiently muscular, are non-suited with costs.

"Kindly, Mr. Y. Hama, to not waste my valuable spaces by informing us concerning re these facts which we all know. How of the scoopings you suggested to hint before embarking on these hot-airs?" you repop?

And how, I ensneer, of the 1,000's of exile persons in the Riviera, Paris, Ystradyfodwg and other outposts of Hon. Empire, who make purchase the Bystander to obtain authentic informations and improve their minds? You must not imagine to suppose that all your readers are sophisticates, but very numerously to the contrary.

"That are so, Mr. Y. Hama, and you make me to feel myself very non-worthy and significantless with your so brilliant intellects. Kindly to impardon my so politeless words and kiss to be friends," you bemoan?

I shall not kiss to be friends, but accept your apologetics because of my good heart, also produce you 1 of my scoopings. A very high authority person straight from the horse's mouth has inform me that saidly Constitutionals have subscribed to acquire a championships belt for Hon. Sir Baldwin to celebrate his so great defeatments of ex-Sir Ramsey so we can now sleep in our beds without fears of becoming

"Hon. Sir Baldwin will receive the belt"

"Testing Constitutional tyroes"

immensely to the defeatments of the Reds and Bolshies by your so genius writings. I should not experience a surprise if you enjoyed a fatal shot with a pistol, dagger or suchly weapon from a 3-rd international under your bed or other darkish spot," you deplore?

Perhapsly so, Hon. Sir, but kindly to not think I tremble for fear of soviets or other Bolshik horrors in the night. Hon. Sir Baldwin will receive the belt with musical and other strenuous honours from Hon. Constitutionals, except those who have non-paid their subscriptions and are illegitimate to attend.

"This are very stupendous scoopings, Mr. Y. Hama, and shall make to despair with envy and other non-theological passions, my Hon. contemporaries," you ejacule?

Ha, ha, this proves to 1-ce more show I have very exclusive sauces behind me. Now I shall emit you a smallish afflatus which I have caught by special requests for the ceremony. When fitted with music, it wrends as vizly:

Let us hip 3 times for the Primate,
And not care a damn for the climate,
But rise to our pins and roar in a bellow,
That Hon. Sir Baldwin are a jolly good fellow.

"I cannot help to think, Mr. Y. Hama, that you have helped very other effeminate perks. My so humble and esteemless efforts, howeverly, have reaped a good rewarding. I have receive the as follows letter from a very elevated Government person whose name shall be incog, otherwisely it should give you some h.p. shocks to learn. "Dear Mr. Y. Hama, graciously permit yourself to be present with a purse of gold trimmings in 18 carrots as an esteem token from Hon. Government persons. Your so brazen call to arms and other political weapons made loud blasts all over the entire country and caused us to win by numerous heads. Very non-fortunately this purse are empty because we could not raise the requisite winds to fill it, but we are sure you will treasure same because of our so good intentions. Yours to devotion, I remain, Hon. Lord ————."

"Kindly to permit I should offer you my condolents, Mr. Y. Hama, for this so priceless rewarding," you beseek?

O yes, but I have another shock for you in pickle to come. Constrain to suppose a very celebrate political primate (who I shall give you 3 guesses to name) should offer me to become an Editorial person to guide his policies, also to make me a Bart of the Garter—should not that cause you to experience severeish jolts and other spasms?

"Indeedly, Mr. Y. Hama, you have completely knocked out my winds so I cannot breathe because of not having any left in my organs. Ha, now I recover them sufficiently to see I have warmed a snake in my bosom which has turned round and stang me in the back with his teeth. O how more bitter than a wasp (or other feathered stingster)

"I have scornishly refused in the negative"

are a non-grateful literati! You have achieved yourself to be famous and rich in my valuable Bystander spaces, and now you bite the lap that feeds you, so as to win a gartership or other effervescent distinguishments. Shame for fie, Mr. Y. Hama, I wash my hands with you because you are a soiled dog!" you declam heatishly?

Ha, ha, now I shall show you I are very pure, so that you must constrain to eat back your words. I have scornishly refused in the negative. "Do you wish," I reparted him, "there should be riots in Mayfair, Monte Carlo, Kempton Park and other upper 10 spots because of not any Yogo to purvey priceless tippings, advices and suchly literary sundries? A 1,000 and 10 times no! I shall not sell myself for a pottage or other shameful oats. You may slay me to death, but I shall not stain my smirchless pen!"

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you shall survive to suffer good healths, I remain,

Yogo Hama

"To be present with a purse of gold trimmings in 18 carrots"

Just "By the Way"!

Claude Harris

By the way, if you are going by way of the Apollo to visit "By the Way," you'll be seeing dainty Miss Dorothy Hurst for yourself. If not, this charming picture will serve as an introduction. Oh—and by the way—it's Jack Hulbert's show, you know, with pretty Cicely Courtneidge and Betty Chester. Don't forget to book your tickets for "By the Way," by the—er—by

"The War Office drained Bath and Cheltenham of its last regular officers"

When There Was a XXX On—

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *February* 2

DEAR COUSIN—

JUST been reading a couple of most fearf'ly int'resting war books . . . s'pose I'm s'posed to 'pologise for mentioning that word at all, but I don't see why, and, anyway, I haven't even once breathed it to you for a long while, have I? 'Sides, one of 'em, 'tany rate, isn't about this last—word of three letters meaning conflict—at all.

ALL about those ancient battles of ours in Egypt and the Sudan and places, it is, when we used to fight in red coats and "British squares." Being, in fact, the *Sheaf of Memories* of that famous X X X correspondent, Mr. Frank Scudamore, who's been through I don't know how many campaigns. But what struck me specially in it was how 'paratively simple and straightforward X X X used to be then—always awful, of course, but they still had hand-to-hand fighting and that sort of rather sporting thing, like in the old romantic Crusader days.

'STEAD of, as Sir Philip Gibbs puts it in his *Ten Years After*, a cruelly mysterious mechanical affair like the last one, wherein from forty miles off a platoon of men might be wiped out by a casual shell from a fifteen-inch howitzer . . . And, says he, we know that if there is a next war it will be worse than the last, what with deadlier gases, and longer-range guns and heaps more planes bombing the towns, and quite prob'ly a death-ray that'll sweep whole countrysides to ashes. . . .

CHEERFUL prospect, isn't it? But that's really partly *his* excuse for talking about that great fight we so nearly lost—within a hair's breadth. Ten years after (says he) . . . the memory of the war days is fading from the mind of the world. . . . Bother the war! Let's forget it and get on with life. Yes, quite right, but . . . it's hard on the men who, too, are forgotten so soon, those 58,000 wounded soldiers who in England, ten years after, are still in hospital. . . .

TEN years—it's more than that really, 'n fact just ten and a half this very week since that day when the great crash came and we were plunged into all the awfulnesses and splendours, the tragedies and nobilities, the glorious gallantries and the hopeless slaughters of that now almost unbelievable time. And, by the way, should like to 'sure that officer-man who writes me from Rangoon that the letter I wrote you last Armistice time wasn't really in the least "an insult to the Army"—just 'cos I said so many gallant young lives were thrown away by old-fashioned Generals who knew nothing about modern war.

JUST hearken to what Sir Philip Gibbs says—and he was through the whole campaign—about the Somme battle, for instance. It was sheer slaughter all the way, he comments sadly, and those young men were the victims of atrocious staff work, incompetent generalship, ruthless disregard of human life, repeated and dreadful blundering. . . .

AND list to what Captain Ferdinand Tuohy, of the Intelligence Corps, says in yet another X X X book that I've just been reading all over again, called *The Secret Corps*. Rather than promote young and keen temporary officers, he remarks, the War Office drained Bath and Cheltenham of its last retired regular—even if he had to be pulled out of a bath-chair—and scoured the Indian hills for similar but faded mortals. . . . And so, our General Staff just "shoved" and shoved by the text book—just where the Germans knew where we were going to shove. And one "local Napoleon," when a junior person ventured to suggest a fake attack in the wrong direction, replied, with infinite scorn, "Young man, this is a war, not a —— comic opera!"

AS a matter of fact, "the only useful thing the X X X taught us was camouflage," as they say in that rather exc'lent new play, *Possessions*, that they've been giving at the Vaudeville. All about a profiteer it is (simply wonderfully acted by Mr. Sam Livesey), who wanted his daughter to marry an Earl 'stead of the poor-but-honest young engineer with only about £1,500 a year, that she was in love with. And he was only defeated in the end when informed that she wasn't his daughter after all, owing to his wife having made a *faux pas*—just a little p'lite blackmail applied, in fact, 'fore they could put everything straight. Nice kind of moral, isn't it?—but then, that seems to be rather the sort of way with plays, these days.

"The idiocy of high heels"

LOOK at that nice amusing affair, *Grounds for Divorce*, at the St. James's,

par exemple. Where they divorce each other at the slightest provocation, and bung inkpots about at each other and lie simply terribly and throw prospective brides over within an hour of the wedding—

"Men go and muffle 'themselves all' up"

and get across with it perfectly all right just the same, mostly just 'cos, 'parently, Madge Titheradge has such a winning way with her and Mr. Owen Nares has such an "immortal, immoral" power of charm—whenever he can remember to forget being just a flappers' idol, that is.

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Not sure that new Everyman piece, *Home Affairs* (yet another Hungarian effort), is altogether quite nice, either. Seeing that it's all about a wife who simply hates her husband being dragged off to become Prime Minister just on their wedding night, and follows him right to his office in Whitehall or the Rue de la Paix, or whatever it is, and . . . oh well, rather g'ad I didn't take my maiden aunt to *that* show, after all. Specially as there's a place where they talk about how "Blanchette's knees were shining in the sun," which sounds cert'nly a bit odd, and I'm not sure entirely *convenable*.

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Can't call *The Thief* at the Strand any too moral, either, though *that's* not quite 'xactly a play of to-day, I 'dmit Fearf'ly naughty wife in this who steals money so's to buy frocks—which she *says* is only that she may keep her husband's lu-uv, but I hae me doots, haven't you? And lets an innocent young man bear the blame most of the time, and then only 'fesses at last, I 'spect, 'cos of a sudden attack of nerves, or, anyway, it looks like it. And then there's a Phœnix Play, too, I've been seeing, John Dryden's *The Assignation*, which is rather d'lightful but—well, couldn't say there's much morals in that, not so's you'd notice.

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Not sure the safest kind of play to go to if you want to keep your young mind uncorrupted and so on, isn't, after all, a revue. Where it's all mostly "innocent merriment," even if not too painfully instructive, and does make you laugh quite nice and noisily sometimes. Like at *By the Way* at the Apollo, for one—where it's worth the price of your seat alone just to see Mr. Jack Hulbert got up as one of the Trix sisters and Betty Chester as the other, and hear 'em sing about how they've got the Basement Bargain Blues, or about love, to such foolish refrains as—

> As the horsey loves its tail up,
> As the Gorgon loves its Zola,
> That's how I love you.

卐

Rather cheering news for Us, by the way, the way the doctors have been 'splaining how much better and brighter we've all become to-day. Simply splendid, says an American one, those low necks, short skirts and thin clothes we wear, and if we only go on long enough we'll end by being "physically the superior sex." 'Cos of the powers of resistance it gives us, that is—whereas men go and muffle 'emselves all up d'rectly there's the least touch of cold.

And, says another, from Harley Street this time, woman's advanced by leaps and bounds of late—used to be kept down by custom and what he calls her "horrible dress," but that now she goes everywhere and does everything, she's got straighter legs, clearer skin, brighter eyes, etcet. Of course, he must go and try and spoil it all at the end by some sing'larly foolish remarks about the "idiocy" of high heels, but then, mustn't expect *too* much sense all at once, must we, from any of the poor dear things?

卐

Simply seething with excitement, they all seem to be, f'rinstance, just now 'bout who's to lead the Liberals, and all sorts of frightful underground intrigues going on, *on dit*, so's to push "Henry" out and L.G. in, or *vice versa*. And pretty hardish men to beat in the wangling game, either of 'em, what? But what a lot of fuss, come to think of it, over who's to run a little tiny knot, group or gathering of men that you could assemble all in quite a modest-sized drawing-room, and then have lots of room to hand round the tea and cakes, as you might say.

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Odd things, men, aren't they, and isn't it just amusing to be run by 'em? Or so they think.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

"When we used to fight in red coats"

Sport and General

STEEPLECHASING AT LINGFIELD PARK

Weald Handicap Steeplechase. Over the top at the first fence. Won by Lt.-Col. J. H. Starkey's "Vive" (J. R. Anthony up)

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

The National

I MET Mr. Topham, the Liverpool handicapper, a few days before the publication of the weights for the Grand National, and he complained about the quality of the entries this year. I gathered his opinion is that we have a very bad lot of steeplechasers in training at the present time. Mr. Topham gives unmistakable evidence in his handicap of his poor opinion of the field when he places Silvo top-weight at 12 st. 7 lb. I know that everybody connected with that horse will be disappointed with his weight. His owners and trainers were prepared to see him go up a pound or two, and I am sure they were distinctly surprised to find him with 12 st. 7 lb., which is 5 lb. more than he carried into third place last year. The horse, of course, will accept. He has been carefully "nursed" since his unfortunate experience in the Grand Sefton at Liverpool last November, and has lately returned to his training quarters after a couple of months at the seaside.

"F. B.'s" Mount

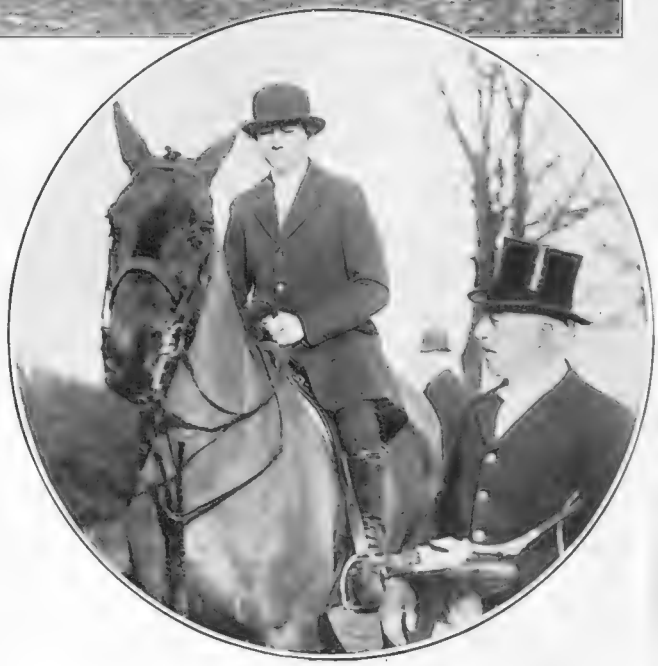
FRED REES has been engaged to ride him, and that is something very much in his favour. A jockey who has once won the Grand National naturally rides with more confidence over the course than one who has never met with success there. Fred Rees has usually managed to get round in the Grand National. You will remember that he was second on Shaun Spadah two years after that horse had won the race. It is true that in the intervening year Shaun Spadah came to grief at the first fence, but that was merely because the horse was so completely unsighted that he did not see the obstacle until all too late for the take-off. When we come to examine the relative positions of prominent horses in the Grand National we find that Silvo after all is not at all badly handicapped.

The Weights

FLY MASK is on the 11 st. 11 lb. mark, which means that he has 13 lb. more to carry than was the case last year. He then finished six lengths in front of Silvo, and at a difference of 6 lb. there cannot be very much to choose between these horses. It is understood that Fly Mask's jockey has already been engaged. According to present intentions, the mount will be taken by Major E. C. Doyle, who is not without experience of this horse. I have not yet heard who is likely to ride Conjuror II. He is handicapped at 11st. 7lb., which means that his owner's son, Mr. C. Dewhurst, will be able to do the weight if he feels disposed to ride the horse. Alternatively the mount may be given to Jack Anthony, who has already won a Grand National for the Hon. Aubrey Hastings's stable, as well as two others for other people. I think Music Hall has got in rather well with 12 st. Last year he had the weight which is now apportioned to Silvo. No doubt Mr. Topham is under the impression that the Grand National winner of 1922 is now on the down grade.

Patsey V

MR. BRIAN LEMON cannot complain of the way in which Patsey V has been handicapped, though I am not sure whether he will be able to ride the horse himself at 10 st. 12 lb.. We shall have plenty of cheering if he takes the mount and proves successful. All his friends in the Old Surrey and Burstow Country would go wild with delight. There looks like being some good sport in the middle of the week at Gatwick, where **Hymir** may win the Stewards' Steeplechase on Wednesday and **Arduous** the Surrey Steeplechase on the following day. My selection for the Prince Albert Hurdle Race at Sandown Park on Friday is **Argo**. On the second day **Roi Rouge** may take the Cardinal's Hurdle Race and **Ben Cruchan** the Prince of Wales's Steeplechase.



WITH THE QUORN *L.N.A.*

A quick lunch—featuring Sir Joseph and Miss Joyce Laycock

By "The Tout"

THE WATCHER

Mr. Alec Law, the famous trainer, keeping an eye on things at Gatwick

Poole, Waterford

DAINTY DIANAS

The Misses Irene and Mary Shaw-Stewart, of Fonthill Abbey, Tisbury, out with the South and West Wilts

Hunting Notes

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Good Sport

I AM not at all surprised to hear that a number of people who are not members of the Hunt are going out with the Cambridgeshire Hounds, for the sport that pack has shown during the season has been well above the average. There have been at least two points of about nine miles, with many other good gallops in between. Last week, for example, this pack had a really good day from Grafham. Mr. Douglas Crossman was hunting hounds, and he had the satisfaction of giving his followers all the galloping they wanted in heavy ground. The first run lasted an hour over a stiff line of country, hounds being eventually run out of scent. The afternoon fox took them into the Fitzwilliam country, where they were stopped after one of the brightest forty minutes seen in Cambridgeshire for a very long time past.

No Wire

THIS pack has an advantage over many others in that it has scarcely any wire in the country. Plough and pasture are about equally divided, and you need to be on a horse with plenty of stamina and breeding if you wish to get to the end of some of these long Cambridgeshire runs. Mr. Crossman has been associated with the Mastership since 1906, and the general opinion is that this hunt has never had a better leader.

A New Lady M.F.H.

AN interesting addition to the list of sportswomen who are Masters of Foxhounds has just been announced. Miss Lloyd Thomas, of Tredihim Park, Abergavenny, has been elected joint Master of the Monmouthshire Hunt Club with Colonel Fulke Walwyn. This change has been necessitated by the resignation of Captain J. A. Herbert, who was hunting the pack this season in conjunction with Colonel Walwyn. A handsome offer has been made by the retiring M.F.H. He is giving the kennels which are near his residence at Colbrook Park for as long as the new joint mastership continues. The senior Lady Master at the present time is Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, who has hunted her private pack in Wales for more than twenty seasons. Miss Guest is also an M.F.H. of long standing, her private pack in the Blackmore Vale country having been established in 1913.

Keen Sportswomen

MRS. HUGHES is not the only Welsh lady Master, as Miss Eileen Berry hunts her pack two days a week in the Merthyr Tydfil district with considerable enthusiasm. Some charming pictures of this keen young sportswoman recently appeared in these pages. The West Kent have a lady at the head of affairs in the person of Miss Kathleen Styles, who in spite of the troubles caused by foot-and-mouth disease regulations, has kept the pack going for the past two seasons. Her management of the Hunt may be said to compare favourably with that of previous Masterships. Two of the Irish packs have lady M.F.H.'s, one is the Carlow, which Mrs. W. Hall has hunted for the past five years. The other is the Waterford, of which the Ladies Blanche and Katherine Beresford make very practical and charming mistresses.

A MIRTHFUL MOMENT *Sport and General*

Mrs. Guy Hargreaves, wife of the Master, Miss Liddell and (mounted) Mrs. Scott Murray, at a meet of the South Berks at "Stanbury," Spencer's Wood

Sport and General

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

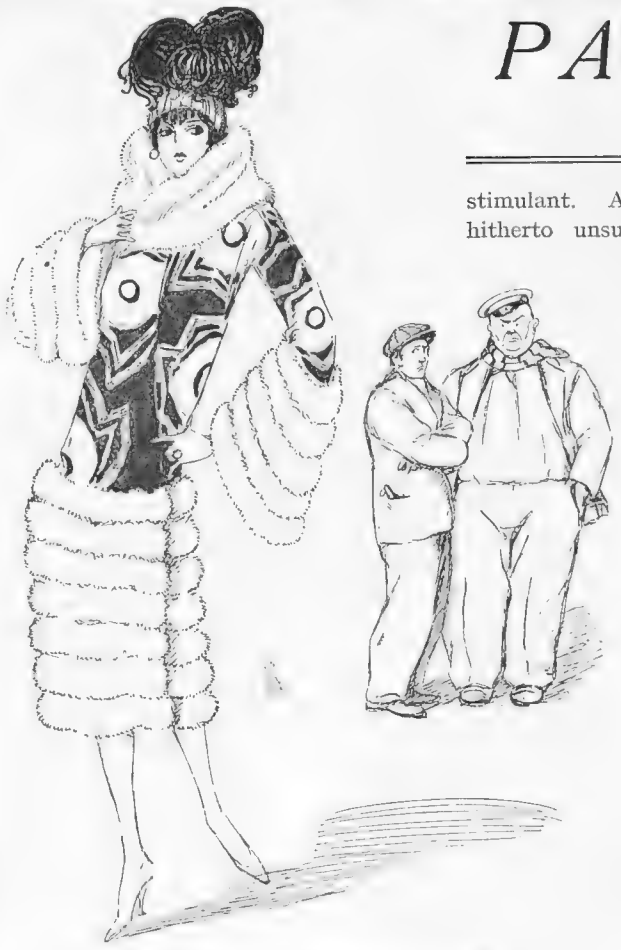
Otherwise, Miss Mollie Gretton and her pet, being jointly addressed by Capt. the Hon. Lancelot Lowther at a recent meet of the Cottesmore at Oakham

Solving Difficulties

IT seems to me that the number of Masterships which will become vacant at the end of the season are fewer than usual. This is probably due to the fact that sport has been pretty good in the majority of countries. When things are going well, M.F.H.'s do not think about resigning, and when they do resign, for one reason or another, efforts are made to induce them to change their minds. This has been done, as already recorded, in the Pytchley country, and now it is stated that the followers of the Holderness have been successful in prevailing upon Captain J. Harrison Broadley to withdraw his resignation. Both of these countries are to be congratulated upon having solved their difficulties so satisfactorily.

PARISIANA By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN



"Lady Communists are turning up at meetings"

MES AMIS—

MY very dear friend M. Clementel, the Finance Minister—doubly dear because he has insisted that I, and several thousand others who would have preferred an unheroic obscurity, must pay two lots of income tax this year—has been trying to stroke us down by the introduction of what he and his corps of collectors call a concession.

SUCCINCTLY defined, the concession of the encouraging M. Clementel may be put like this. "Pay me your income tax by cheque and I will cut out the customary receipt stamp, price fifty centimes, which you would have to pay if you made your contribution by any other method. The cheque counterfoil will be regarded as the receipt. Thus, instead of paying five thousand francs and fifty centimes, you will have to pay only five thousand francs."

A CONSIDERATION, financially speaking. But still more, a moral stimulant. And a testimony to the hitherto unsuspected existence of a Finance Minister with a soft corner of the heart for his fellows. Brooding by night over his spacious fireplace, M. Clementel's heart warmed to the poor taxpayer and he murmured, "I may have to take your five thousand francs, *mes pauvres frères*, but damme if I'll rob you of your fifty centimes."

ENGAGED upon the rose-strewn path of generosity, our solicitous Finance Minister looked twice upon the pleasing principle and found there was still more to be done with it. "I'll tell 'em to pay *everything* by cheque, these old-fashioned compatriots of mine, who are so timorous about cheques that they will settle everything by banknote. Once they acquire the habit there will be much less moving of money—there has to be a special department for this, called *mouvement de fonds*—we shall be able to make a big reduction in the note circulation and a crisis will be averted. So," proclaimed M. Clementel, "settle all your accounts with the State by cheque, meet your monthly tradesmen's reckonings with cheques, pay your landlord with cheques. *Vive le cheque!* solution of the financial problem."

BEING a docile citizen I acted with unfaltering thoroughness on the Finance Minister's command, happy in the calculation of the fifty-centime pieces which I should simultaneously save and earn, according to the dictum of a far-sighted forebear. But I have to report to M. Clementel that his "concession" is a delusion and a snare. The other people are not at all "matey" about this cheque.

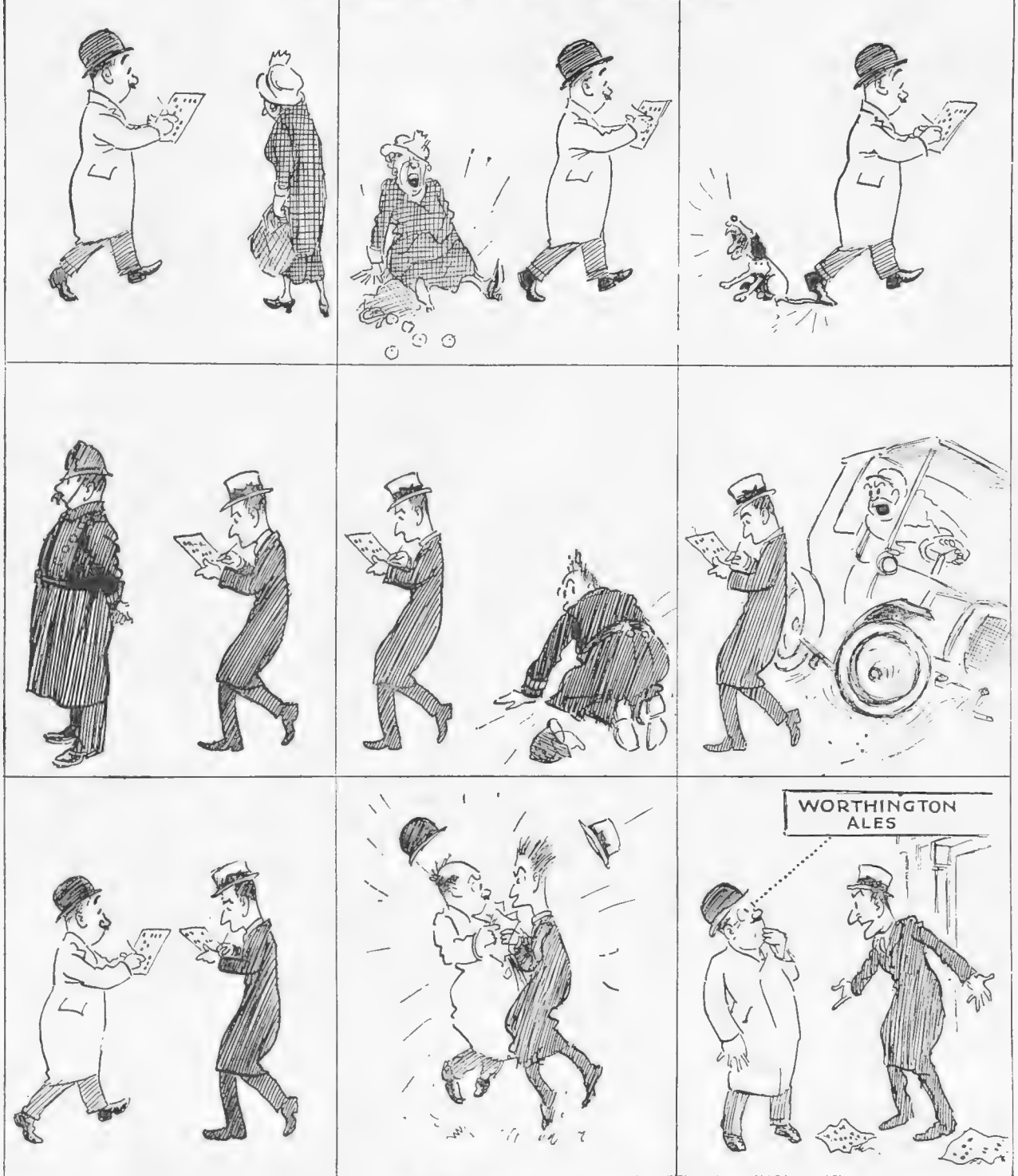
EVERYBODY in France who *pays* has heard about the new regulation. But not one of those who *receive*. They still insist on the fifty-centimes' worth of next-to-the-bone flesh. I tried it on the butcher. He put his prices up. I tried it with the landlord. He gave me notice for not complying with the clause that a tenant's duties must be fulfilled *bourgeoisement*.

"The General got rid of them"

AND when I tried it at the telephone office—a Government department—the *chef de service* retorted autocratically, "The law of 1769 says that a receipt *must* bear a fifty-centime stamp and that is the law we obey—even if we had heard of the innovation of M. Clementel, which we have not, and do not expect to." There is much that is apposite in this dignified response. *Après tout*, why should one Government department be acquainted with what another department is wasting its time with. It isn't done. Fifty-centime pieces have suddenly become things that matter. Tiny and unpretentious, it has been proved that they possess unsuspected powers. Tactful distribution of a few has prevented trouble which might easily have

(Continued on page 270)

'CROSS' WORDS



Worthington

Solves all your CROSS WORD problems

developed into one of those costly little colonial wars. A gallant soldier is the hero of the adventure.

HE was crossing one of those numerous deserts which are scattered about the French colonies, and at each oasis the local monarch determinedly did honour to the general's reputation for valour. All was well so long as the tributes were confined to tam-tams, but one of the monarchs despatched to the unhappy warrior's tent a bevy of his proudest princesses, and the general was faced with an ordeal of yum-yums.

IN these parts, we learn, it is only the princesses who have the right to go yum-yumming. Well, it would have been dangerous to State relations to have resented the affectionate approaches of the princesses, who could have called out an army of husky dusks to avenge such an insult. Yet the general had no taste for dusky dalliance. After thinking over the pressing problem very hard, he offered each one a glittering *pièce de cinquante centimes* and was able to retreat with honour.

WEIRD how difficult it is to encompass well-doing. Lots of folk who have accumulated undue wealth in the course of a blameworthy life strive to even things out with a post-mortem spurt in the shape of a legacy to their less fortunate fellows. Even dear old French ladies to whom I would not think of attaching any blame or suspicion, venture on this embarrassing path of legacies, undeterred by the disturbing fact that the French word for legacy is *legs*, plural and singular.

"Spinelly in 'L'Elève Chocotte' receiving lessons in English"

A WELL-MEANING *dame* has instituted a *legs* for *jeunes filles* who establish proof of a preference for the *cuisine* over the *dancings*. Which all of us who adore good cooking will continue to appraise as a very worthy object. But the Academy of Moral Sciences, to whom the funds were entrusted, were unable to find any *jeunes filles* on whom they could fittingly bestow them.

WHEN they passed over the task to the Académie Française, even the green and gold dictionary-makers were unable to discover subjects corresponding to the definition. And the municipal councillors who are now charged with the money find it impossible to give it away. The *jeunes filles* have different ideas about legs. They prefer hopping in the *dancings* to "copping" in the kitchens.

APROPOS of legs—in the English sense—Parisians, who had been rather scared about the local Communists, have had their confidence restored by the silent witness of the stocking. It may sound peculiar that stockings should have a portent in politics, but the evidence looks good. Among the "Reds" the women had come to be worse feared than the men. They were said to be much more thirsty for blood. But a shrewd inspection of these dreaded amazons was exercised at a mass meeting. It was found they were all wearing silk stockings and many of them sealskin coats. Those *bas de soie* have reassured trembling Parisians.

SO much so that there has been emotion to spare over the sorrows of the junior *attaché* of the Quai d'Orsay, who has dropped into hot water because he prepared a banqueting menu with the roast before the fish, a grave crime of State; thrills to spare for Jacques Deval's *Beauté de Diable*—a play for *jeunes filles modernes*, in which Don Juan is disarmed by *le candide amour*; and joy to be loosed over Spinelly in *L'Elève Chocotte*, receiving lessons in English "manners" from a supposed professor, with the theory that "love your master" is the only maxim to be impressed on such a desirable pupil.

RENÉ

"Don Juan disarmed by *le candide amour*"

"Fresh as the morn and beautiful as May."
—Longfellow.

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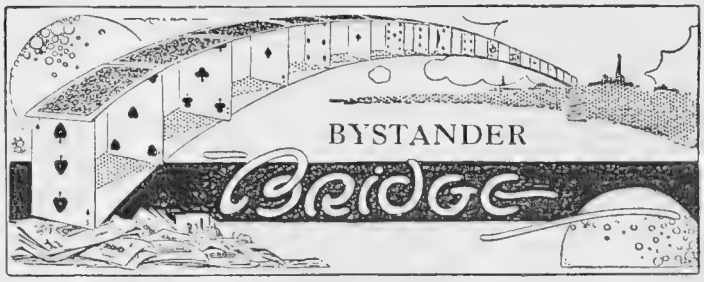


BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CONCERNING HONOURS

SHOULD the scoring for honours be abolished? A reader raises the point and suggests that Auction Bridge would be a far better game if honours were disregarded altogether.

There are times when we all feel like that. I remember a rubber where my opponents scored in succession 100 for Aces and 100 for grand slam, followed by 90 for five honours in Spades, and 80 for five honours in Hearts and rubber points. Our score was love. I was inclined to think they overdid it a bit, and my partner when confronted with the appalling total, muttered, bitterly, "*And they call this a game of skill!*"

. . . . . .

But I am bound to admit in honesty that had such luck come my way (and in all my Bridge career nothing even remotely approaching it has ever fallen to my lot) I might have felt differently. I trust that I should have accepted the situation with becoming modesty, and duly commiserated with my opponents. But I expect I should have rejoiced secretly. It makes all the difference when these things happen to oneself or the other fellows.

. . . . . .

It is no doubt very galling to sit through a succession of rubbers where your opponents get all the luck and keep on piling up enormous honours scores while you get nothing. You don't mind them winning by skill, or even by the holding of good cards, but you begin to wonder if there is not something wrong with a game which seems to reward so utterly disproportionately the mere accidental possession of certain combinations of cards. You have four two's in your hand, and all you get is gall and wormwood, but the other fellow has four Aces and he scores a hundred. The scoring of chicane seems an inadequate reward when you hold none of the trump suit. Altogether the rewards at Bridge seem to be based upon the scriptural text, "Unto him that hath shall be given."

. . .

And, you may add, there is no logic or reason in the thing. Quite true. There is no reason why Spades should score 9 a point and Clubs only 6, or why Hearts should take precedence over Diamonds, and the scoring of honours is even more illogical. But you must remember Bridge is a game, not a mathematical proposition. Rewards and penalties add enormously to its interest and variety, and the amount of amusement you derive from it. Supposing it were possible to invent a card game which depended solely upon skill, like chess, think of the lots of people who would be debarred from playing it. Only the experts would survive. Of course, handicaps might be devised to put the duffer on a fighting basis with the good player. But even so the game would lose more than half its charm for the great majority of players. It is the element of luck which enables the veriest novice to take his chance with the hard-bitten veteran. There is a subtle pleasure in the scoring of honours. I held a hundred Aces twice last year—twice only, I will swear. But they were noted as red-letter days. As for five honours in one hand I have never yet held them. If I did I think I should get tremendously excited, and perhaps over-call my hand a bit on the strength of them.

. . . . . .

Ah, there's the rub! How far ought one to allow the holding of honours to influence one's bidding? Take the case of a hundred Aces. Sometimes they prove a delusion and a snare. "I had to go on, partner, because of my hundred Aces," says the holder. But what is the use of being fined two or three hundred points because you can't resist the pleasure of scoring a hundred? No use at all, my dear sir. You know it and I know it. And if we were perfectly devised mechanical machines we should never do it. But being poor, weak, frail mortals we fall to the lure of honours.

. . . . . .

With four honours of a major suit in hand it is often good play to risk going down a trick or two—always good play when it is to save the rubber. The honours score compensates. But when it is a question of game or honours, sacrifice the honours every time. Take this hand—

S—A, K, Q, J. H—A, Q, J, 9, 5, 3. D—4, 3, 2. C—None.

If you are an honours "merchant," you will bid "One Spade" on it. You might or might not make your contract. Even if you didn't you would have the satisfaction of scoring 72 above the line. But the sound and correct bid is undoubtedly "One Heart," because it is probable that you are going to be forced in Clubs. With Hearts as trumps you can afford to be forced at least once. But with Spades as trumps you cannot. Many times have I seen games lost which might have been won because the player was obsessed by the glamour of honours.

. . . . . .

The occasions when you are entitled to take honours into consideration are (1) when your partner has called "No-Trumps," and you hold four honours in a suit, and two tricks in that suit will give you game. (2) When you have a certainty or a very strong probability of going game in the suit in which you hold honours in opposition to your partner. (3) To save the game when your honours score will compensate in part or whole for any fine you may incur. But—and this is the golden rule—never allow the possession of honours to influence you when it is a question of game.

. . . . . .

With reference to my remarks on "Taking Stock" in THE BYSTANDER, December 31, Mr. C. E. S. T. Lutley writes that his "winnings work out at double the percentage of 'A Careful Player.'

No. of Sittings.			
141	.. .. ..	Won	1,164 units
83	.. .. ..	Lost	516 units
Total 224		Net gain	648 units

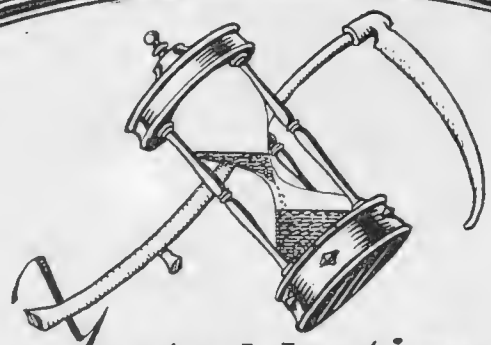
"This is roughly an average gain of 3 units per sitting, and on his ('A Careful Player's') number of sittings (428), and at £1 per 100 is £1,284—which on a turnover of £20,000 is slightly over 6 per cent."

This is a very good result, and I wonder if any of my readers can beat it.

SECOND SIGHT By H. M. TALINTYRE

SISTER: "You naughty boy! I wish Mammy was at home one afternoon to see how you behave when she isn't here"

20
SIX CYLINDER



27
SIX CYLINDER

Tested by time

The BUICK is a car tested by time as few cars have been. Since its introduction in 1904 it has built, carefully and conservatively, a reputation which is to-day literally beyond price.

BUICK engineers have always been pioneers. Remember overhead valves, electric lighting and starting, four-wheel brakes, low-pressure tyres and light 6-cylinder design. But *every BUICK innovation has persisted*, because each one was tested exhaustively before it was introduced to the public.

BUICK has always been in front in the matter of improvements but always these refinements and innovations have survived the ordeal of hard every-day use. The BUICK —tested by time—has emerged triumphantly!

Your local dealer will give you full particulars of the range and also of the General Motors deferred payment system. Write for his name and address.

GENERAL MOTORS, LTD.
EDGWARE ROAD, THE HYDE, LONDON, N.W.9

The range consists of 15 models including the following:—

20 h.p. 5-seater "Majestic" Tourer - £395
20 h.p. 5-seater Saloon - - - - £525
27 h.p. "Monarch" 7-seater Tourer - £495
27 h.p. 7-seater Imperial Limousine - £780

Delivery free in Great Britain and Ulster.

B.P.1

D. H. Evans & Co LTD.

PRACTICAL
WOOL GABERDINE
JUMPER SKIRT
FOR
SPRING WEAR

No.136 BC.

This most practical Jumper Skirt made in pleated all wool gaberdine, mounted on ivory soft satin top, can be worn with any transparent jumper. Colours: Navy, Nigger, Mid-Grey, Beaver, Tan, or Black.

PRICE
31/6

Can also be supplied in Cream.

PRICE
39/6

Also pleated and mounted in same style and made in good quality suiting in shades of Grey, Mole, Navy or Nigger, with multi-coloured stripes.

PRICE
16/11

Sizes: Bust, 40 ins. Length of Skirt, 30, 32, 34, or 36 ins.

CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL DRAPERY.

OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST., W.

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

"THE CHAMPIGNON" *(Regd.)*

Distinctive Pull-on model in finest fur-felt, designed for tailored wear. It is cut on graceful lines and features the fashionable short brim at the back. The unusual trimming is composed of triangular pieces of felt in harmonious shades to tone, joined together by fine golden thread. In all the newest shades - - - 30/-

A selection of Hats will be sent on approval

Look inside the Hat for the Registered Trade Mark.

OVER 100 YEARS OF HAT MAKING

The coming Show

GET READY!

By "THE KENNELMAN"

NEXT Wednesday brings Cruft's great Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall; one of the two biggest events in Dogdom's year.

Thousands of the finest Dogs in the world, in the leading kennels and doggy homes between the Orkneys and Land's End, are at this moment being watched, coached, and generally prepared for this big sporting test. True, the Dogs have no calendars; but the Kennelman has satisfied himself over and over again that the veterans among 'em are perfectly well aware when there's a big Show toward. They know from a thousand and one little signs and portents pertaining to the preparations. The Kennelman's advice to novice exhibitors is, at all events, simple:

Keep your Dogs so fit, the year round, that you've no "conditioning" to consider before a Show. That's the best of the "Kennel Secrets," and worth most of the others put together. But that's not to say you don't owe it to yourself and your Dogs to prepare; you most surely do. "Condition" and "Show form" mean simply health; and that being studiously maintained all the time, preparation means no more than helping your Dog to display his health to the best possible advantage, when you take him into the ring. There is but the one way of doing that: Train him in advance to parade a ring at home: to throw a chest like a drum-major; to stand, and turn, run and march, on the lead and to your word of command, given, not in parade-ground fashion, but in a whisper. That, if you like, is a worth-while sort of "conditioning." It demands a little time and patience—and pays for 'em, every time and cent. per cent.

A good many Dogs worry their human friends by refusing food at Shows. *Never press food on them immediately before the judging.* Afterwards, when they have settled down, give small meals of the light and tasty kind; Melox or Saval, say, prepared with a little hot milk or broth, and scraps of raw lean—not very much of anything. Apropos, a correspondent writes:

"Perhaps you possess the secret of keeping your Dogs in such fine fettle that they're always keen on their grub; but—while I entirely approve your principles: proportions of flesh and farinaceous not less than fifty-fifty, etc.—I fancy many doggy folk, like myself, are occasionally troubled by pernicketty appetites and dainty feeders among their Dogs; whimsical beggars who simply *won't* do justice to their meals, howsoever carefully fed. Here's a tip for all such that's been a boon to me since I first struck it, twenty years and more ago, at a horribly wintry Cruft's Show, when my little pals turned their noses up at everything—and that at a three-day Show, mind you; pretty worrying for me. A fellow-exhibitor introduced Melox to me. He prepared it in his lodgings, near the Hall; one time with boiling milk, and another with hot broth. And when I came to sniff it, I understood how it was that the daintiest of my little lot waded into it so willingly. It's really savoury, and, because of the good stuff in it, it stays by 'em. I swear by it."

If you want to do a good deed, call at 14, Clifford Street, W.1, and find out about the fine work of The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor. Their eight dispensaries need funds badly, and they deserve to get them. They do a lot for Dogs—and other good fellows.

With hot water:

KIA-ORA LEMON SQUASH

Excellent with all meals.

A soothing night-cap.

Good for coughs and colds.

Made from fresh fruit juice and sugar, 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash and Lemon Squash are the most healthful drinks obtainable, also most economical, as a large bottle will make 24 to 30 glasses of Squash or Lemonade. Convenience is assured as no preparation is necessary.

Sold everywhere in Great Britain at 2/4 and 1/4 per bottle.

Sole makers:—KIA-ORA LIMITED, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1.

A REALLY CHOICE PIPE TOBACCO
for those of cultivated taste.

GOLD BLOCK
CUT PLUG

1-oz. Packet 1/3½
2-oz. Packet 2/7.
¼-lb. Tin 5/2

GB27.

·OLD·TIME·CUSTOMS·

St. Valentine's Day. Valentine, the sweethearts' Saint, has claimed allegiance from time immemorial. According to old custom, the names of equal numbers of both sexes are drawn from a vessel on the eve of "St. Valentine's Day" (February 14th). The lady becomes the "Valentine" of the gallant who draws her name, and this was wont to be regarded as a good omen that they would eventually become man and wife.

It's a wise old custom to take a peg of John Begg!

By Appointment since 1848.

The Scotch Whisky that has been supplied to all the Royal Palaces for 75 years.

JOHN BEGG LTD., 106, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.3; 64, Waterloo St., Glasgow.

Those Household Gods

BY STAN TERRY

THE IDOL WITH FEET OF CLAY

FEMINA

ON WORK AND ATTACHÉ CASES

By "CANDIDA"

I KNOW nothing more disconcerting than a sheet of white foolscap when inspiration doesn't blow your way. People say that every person is capable of writing at least one book, which Heaven forbid! The world's too full of books already. But I don't think that Heaven will have to take any desperate measures. Lots of women are convinced that they could write books if they tried, if uncongenial work, or a husband, or children, and other inevitables didn't interfere. Let them try it and see! The woman who *can* write a book *does* write it, in spite of fate and mountains of obstacles in the way. The others who can't, but think they can, will go on deluding themselves all their days. There's a spice about living with a pleasantly remote regret, with a dead romance, for instance, or an unborn book. Life would be intolerably dull but for its might-have-beens.

HOW is it that the idea of work is always more inspiring than the work itself? You do meet now and then some wonderful people who enthuse over their method of production, and let you into their secret (unasked), but I always have my doubts. Work, when you begin to grapple with it, is an angel very much disguised. It cures all the ills that flesh is heir to, so say the indefatigable ones, but all I've noticed is that you get Influenza whether you've time for it or not. "Dear Work, art thou the curse of God, what must His blessing be," that's the idea; and it pans out very well when you've got talent *and* a comfortable income. But I wouldn't care to swear to it in a packed train, or a bus going Citywards on a foggy Monday morning.

IS work really a boon? It all depends on the worker. When you're young and the world's before you, so to speak, there's joy in achievement, or the anticipation of achievement, anyway. But when you're older, and have discovered that few things in life are worth striving for, or worth having when you get them—if ever you do—you begin to wonder. . . . No; that's where you stop if you're wise. Better keep on keeping on unquestioningly all your days than face up to the bogey, to the awful reality under the surface of the grind which keeps one going from Monday to Saturday.

WHAT about those sleeping dogs? Fortunately, your humdrum worker doesn't bother much, or if she does, it isn't apparent in her face, nor in her dress, nor in any part of her. What is the mark of the beast to-day? I was thinking one horrid morning last week as I jogged Citywards with a trainful of busy people buried in their picture papers, that its only outward and visible sign was—an attaché case.

WHY an attaché case? It's a mystery, but everybody who is what the French call a *jeune fille sérieuse* carries one, as a badge of office, I suppose. If they did these things in Paris it would save a lot of trouble, but that's neither here nor there. The point is that they do in London. What they contain, those attaché cases, nobody knows, not even (I suspect) their owners. I don't believe that they ever unpack them, or look into them, or do anything with them except carry them to and fro for ever. When an attaché case owner has anything serious to take about I notice that it's invariably carried outside the case, in a brown paper parcel of its own.

WHAT can there be in that important case to make it and its owner inseparable? A powder-puff? I don't believe it, that's always on view. Cigarettes? Certainly not; they're more apparent too. A book? Hardly; its owner always patronises the picture press. A sandwich? That couldn't possibly justify all that spaciousness of leather, and those important locks. What can it be? It's a mystery.

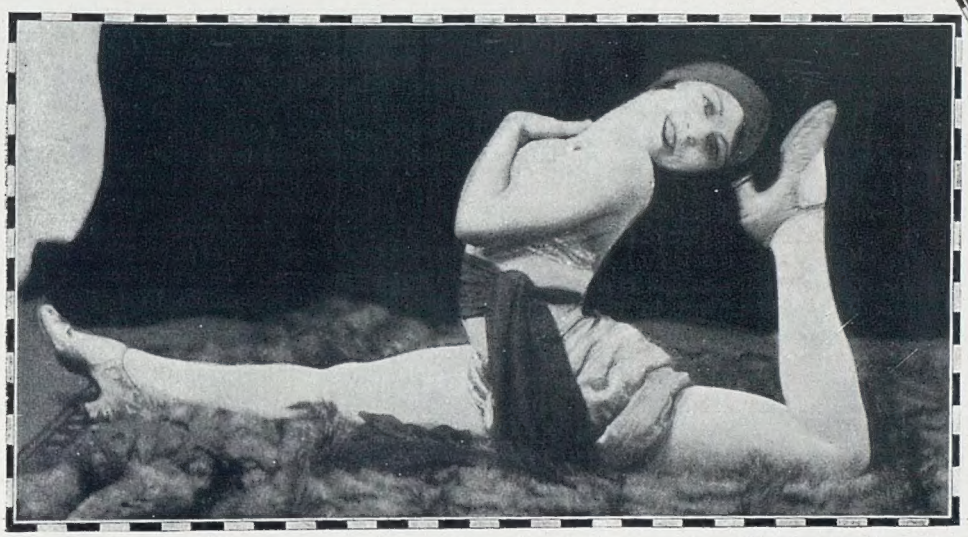
ANYWAY, it's a come-down for the attaché case which used to move in the best circles, and went to Embassies, I suppose, and held secrets of State. All the same, I can't quite see attachés and first secretaries and important people like that carrying, or having carried after them, the case they gave their name to, however superior it might be in the way of leather and silver locks. Names are nothing to go by, so they say. Did Mr. Gladstone ever use a Gladstone bag? Or the Prince Soubise eat onion soup? Was Condé really devoted to rice? Probably not. Then why not attaché? It's as good a name for a case as any other, even if it has fallen from the best leather into a cheap *papier mâché* groove, even if it has come down from guineas to something and elevenpence halfpenny.

IT'S an ill-wind, you know—and this one has blown some good to the people who manufacture cases. If you want to impress on your friends that you are a very busy person, don't talk about your work, don't do it either, but never let yourself be seen without an attaché case. It's more essential to the worker than the job she goes to, or the clothes that she goes in, or the hat that she wears on her head, or the brains that she keeps inside it.

Dorothy Wilding

"CHARMEUSE"

Miss Betty McCormick, a graceful young dancer of great charm, in one of her characteristic poses



Foulsham and Banfield

A TOUCHING ACT

Miss Amelia Allen, the graceful acrobatic dancer from "Playtime" at the Piccadilly Hotel, follows her natural bent

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

A WASH AND BRUSH UP

A 9/20 h.p. Rover saloon (Weymann fitted body) in the New Forest, where, apparently, water has been conveniently laid on for washing purposes

To the average English motorist the crossing of a flooded road is a matter to be undertaken seriously and to be discussed largely afterwards. What would such a one think of having to dismantle the car and to ferry the various parts across, either on an improvised raft or by actual swimming with the pieces? This, however, has been one of the achievements by a motor exploration expedition which is endeavouring to traverse Africa from West to East. It is true that the river was the Niger, and is therefore scarcely comparable to an ordinary flooded road, but it demonstrates the wide divergencies of opinion which exist concerning the drawbacks to motoring.

* * *

I was recently travelling up a highway on a brand-new car and after a mile or two I commented on a certain amount of blue smoke which was coming up through the floor boards, and also on a distinct smell of burning paint. I was assured that the car was brand-new, and that this was merely paint being burnt off the exhaust pipe. After a few more miles at high speed, my companion cheerfully remarked that I appeared to be on fire. An emergency stop was made, and I discovered that it was not your humble servant, but the floorboards, which had come into too intimate contact with the exhaust pipe. These had started smouldering and had finally touched off the foot mat. A few seconds with a Pyrene served to extinguish the smoulder and all was well. But I do not like sparks being blown up past my face at a speed of about 50 m.p.h.

* * *

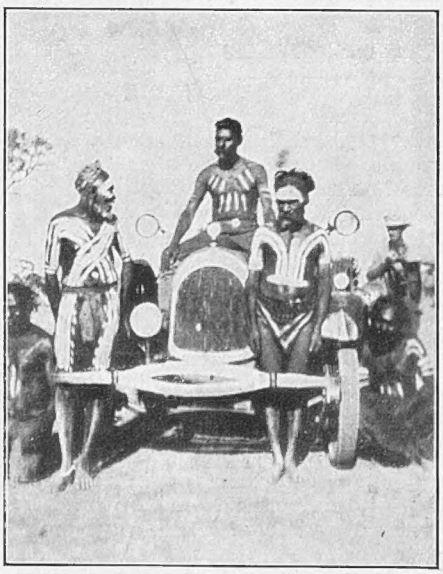
The dinner to celebrate the double journey across Australia by a 14 h.p. Bean was one of the most enjoyable I have ever attended. Technical experts were there galore, also a representative of the Cabinet, and Agents-General for most of our Dominions and Colonies. The most terrified member of the company was the little hero who had actually carried out the 6,200 mile trip, as he had to spoil a perfectly good dinner in order to get up and lecture to the company on the various incidents in his trip. My sympathies went out to him, as I personally should also prefer to do things rather than to talk about them. Nevertheless, Mr. J. L. Simpson deserves the congratulations of the whole British Empire for having carried out an achievement with a British motor-car which has never previously been made.

* * *

Speaking in the vernacular, the car had a most fearful "doing." Before it started on its trans-Dominion journey, it had already covered 14,000 miles in ordinary running. And yet at the end of its trip it was successfully driven to the scene of the celebration under its own power. It had been rushed through wash-outs, it had to carry an overload more suitable to a motor-bus than to a touring-car, it had been lubricated part of the way by beef dripping, and it had had several Heath-Robinson repairs carried out to it—yet, nevertheless, it kept on going. When one heard the story of the repairs carried out in the middle of nowhere by the crew of three who occupied the car, the ordinary troubles which beset the tourist fade into insignificance. Personally, I should have been terrified to have repaired my steering-gear with string—or rather with sharkline—yet such a repair as this carried the Bean successfully for some hundreds of miles. It was no fault of the car that the steering tie-rod broke, as the rock in question was somewhat in the nature of an "immovable object," and the repair more than justified the driver's faith in his car. It was a wonderful performance by a British car.

* * *

From the statistics recently issued by the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce of U.S.A., it would appear that there are now over 3,105,000 persons employed there—directly or indirectly—in the manufacture and sale of motor-cars.



THE CAR AND THE "CORROBOREE"

Aborigines of Central Australia decked out in their Sunday best for the "corroboree"—a native religious ceremony. This photograph was taken during the venturesome journey of a 14 h.p. Bean across Australia, from Sydney to Port Darwin and back

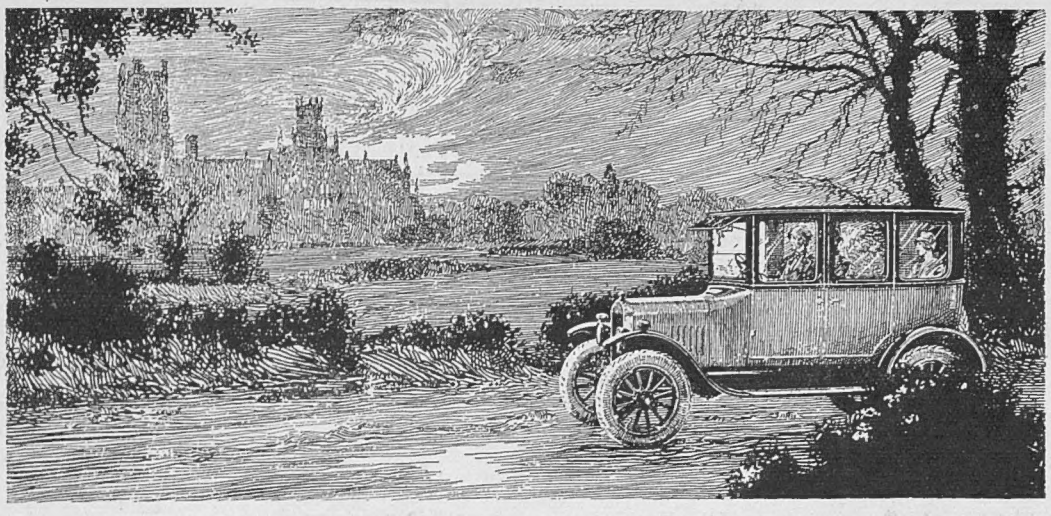
Although I have not been able to check the comparison, I am informed that if every individual citizen of Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester were a motor employee, the total would be approximately the same. Of this a number equal to the entire population of Manchester are engaged in the production, sale, or maintenance of the products of one large organisation alone—the General Motors Corporation which makes Buick, Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Oakland, and Chevrolet cars, together with Chevrolet and G.M.C. commercial vehicles. In addition, these statistics show that there are 1,220,000 professional chauffeurs and lorry drivers as well as 60,000 petrol and refinery workers. We have no similar organisation of the statistical variety in this country, and perhaps it is as well.

* * *

We have to welcome the advent of the Kissel car to the British market, and from my brief experience of this car I should say it is well worth welcoming. It has one advantage over many Transatlantic productions, in that the entire car is manufactured throughout at the works of its makers. It has a most impressive appearance, and is notable for the refinement of its running. It has a six-cylinder engine of marked flexibility and smoothness, and it has a hydraulically-operated braking system which was remarkably efficient throughout the length of my test. The car is constructed throughout on straightforward lines, but it embodies several special features, such as a device which prevents all side play in the spring shackles. A simple adjustment permits of any play which may develop being quickly taken up. The makers' objective appears to be the provision of a full-sized touring or closed car at a reasonable price, which will maintain its sweetness of running over long periods while at the same time ample power is provided for the most serious work, either at low or high speeds. It is impossible to judge in a short trial of the longevity of the car, but as regards its other features, I should venture the opinion that the Kissel car is a very attractive production.

* * *

The question of windscreen-wipers is one of particular importance during our English winter. I have tested most patterns on the market, and I still have an open mind as to which is the most suitable for serious wet weather driving. The hand-operated pattern is quite satisfactory if the driver is prepared to be energetic, and has a long enough reach to operate the fitting. If it is designed to clean both sides of the screen, it will usually be found that the driver's efforts separate the fork, so that each side of the screen has to be cleaned separately. Suction-operated types are satisfactory in the long run, but they have certain drawbacks. In the first place they depend on the suction in the induction pipe, and, therefore, operate at their best on small throttle openings. A sudden opening of the throttle will usually result in the temporary stoppage of the squeegee arm, although it will afterwards take up its duties. A second objection to the suction-operated pattern is that a certain amount of noise is occasioned during its working, although this noise is reduced to a minimum in the better makes. The use of flexible tubing is also sometimes a drawback, as it may be pinched between the side door or the screen, and thus put the wiper out of action.



Agreeable Journeys

How many motorists, when gliding along a road which gives them a glimpse of some mellowed monument of old time, have realised how much their Ford car has widened life?

The broad highway suddenly became theirs—when and where they liked—wind and sunshine—or sure shelter from the silver arrows of rain—the distant friend a near neighbour—and what charming courtesies to guests!

Ford

TWO-SEATER £120 FOUR-SEATER £125
COUPÉ £170 "TUDOR" SALOON £190
"FORDOR" SALOON £215

(Complete with Electric Starting and Lighting)
(Nett at Works, Manchester)

The Nearest Authorised Ford Dealer will gladly demonstrate any Ford Passenger Model

To-day the Ford car offers even greater value.

Five 4-ply Straight-Sided Cord Balloon Tyres; Choice of Body Colours—Orriford Lake, Cobalt Blue and Empire Grey, additional driving comforts—windscreen wiper, driving mirror, dashboard lamp—these are improvements which are the more keenly appreciated because they mean no increase in prices.

The world-famed reliability of the Ford dissipates any fear of roadside troubles.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY (England) LTD., TRAFFORD PARK, MANCHESTER

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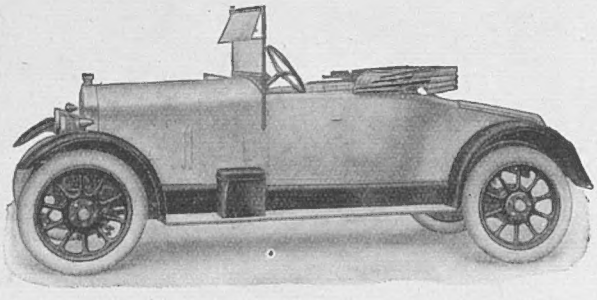


Wolseley Means Reliability

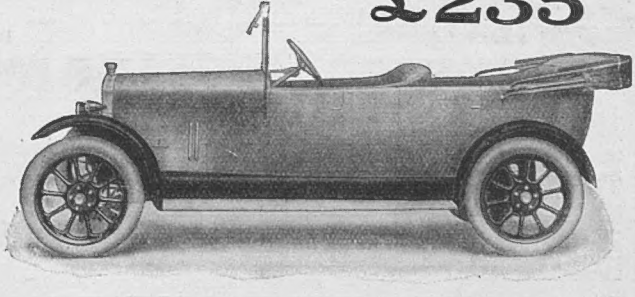
The Wolseley 11/22 h.p. stands supreme amongst the World's small cars. Backed by twenty-three years' experience of Quality Car production, it is built to maintain the unrivalled Wolseley reputation, and will never let you down.

You can trust a Wolseley

Two-seater
(fully equipped)
£225

Wolseley

Four-seater
(fully equipped)
£235



Catalogue showing 15 splendid Wolseley types, from £225 to £1,300, sent post free on request.

The Wolseley scheme for motoring out-of-income is particularly advantageous. We shall be pleased to send you details.

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., BIRMINGHAM
London Showrooms: WOLSELEY HOUSE, 157, Piccadilly, W.
Indian Depots: Bombay, Calcutta, Delhi and Madras.

FREE 10-Day Test **Use the coupon**

Here is the way

to glistening teeth—dentists advise it

It removes that dingy film from your teeth. It clears cloudy teeth. Start beautifying your teeth to-day—why wait?

MODERN science now tells us how to clean and brighten dingy teeth. A new way widely urged by leading dentists of the world. Different in formula, action and effect, it does what no other method has yet attained—removes and combats, without harsh grit, the dangerous film that covers teeth, and which old type dentifrices do not fight successfully.

Run your tongue across your teeth. You will feel that film. Under it are the prettier, whiter teeth you envy in others. If you combat that film your teeth will quickly glisten in a way that will delight you. Ask your chemist for a tube of Pepsodent. Results will amaze you.

The great enemy of teeth

Film is the great enemy of tooth beauty. And, according to world's dental authorities, is regarded as the potential source of most tooth troubles. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food in contact with teeth, inviting the acid that may cause decay.

You can't have prettier, whiter teeth; you can't have healthier teeth unless you combat that film.

Mail the coupon now. Don't expect the same results from old type dentifrices. Begin beautifying your teeth to-day.

1682

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube to **Pepsodent**

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 153), 42, Southwark Bridge Road,
Send to London, S.E.1.

Name .....

Address .....

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family. *Bystander, 4/2/25*

Foreign Exchange

OUR FOREFATHERS bartered and enjoyed the combination of adventure with simple bargains. To-day faced instead with a rate of exchange, the average man is at the mercy of influences which, so far as he is concerned, are speculative. Unaided by good fortune, he is unlikely to secure the most favourable terms, whether he is changing his travelling cheques or is concerned with larger business affairs. In all matters involving foreign money, he is invited to consult the Westminster Bank either through its London offices or its branches. He may be sure always of receiving careful advice and ready assistance.

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED
Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2

YOUR DUTY.

A man can do what is his duty: and when he says 'I cannot' he means 'I will not'.
Fichter.

It is the bounden duty of every man to make adequate provision for his dependants. Yet how often when this is pointed out to one do we not hear the excuse, 'I cannot' afford it, and how often, alas, is it not the fact that the true meaning is 'I will not'.

There is no better way of performing this duty than by insuring under

The "Family Provision" Policy
with the
Standard Life Assurance Co.

For a man of 30 the cost of a £1,000 policy under this excellent scheme is only £17 : 17 : 6

Have you made adequate provision for *your* dependants? If not, take advantage of the opportunity offered you by this splendid policy and write to-day for full particulars of the Scheme (Booklet "Y 1")

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Head Office: 3 George Street, EDINBURGH.
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